

# SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 480, Vol. 19.

January 7, 1865.

Price 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

## THE NEW YEAR.

ALTHOUGH it would be an evil omen to anticipate with presumptuous confidence another peaceful and prosperous year, the only visible cloud in the horizon looms from the quarter of the United States. The furious animosity against England which has prevailed since the beginning of the war is the more dangerous because it is wholly without justification. It has, indeed, always been an American fashion to confuse all shades and gradations of feeling by the habitual use of the strongest possible language to express both serious and trivial emotions. Words mean less on the other side of the Atlantic than on this; but malignant passions have a tendency to expand until they coincide with utterances which were at first but partially sincere. The Northern Americans began to threaten war with England before they had an army or a navy, and now they have unfortunately persuaded themselves that their material strength renders the gratification of their spite as safe as it would be unprovoked. The isolated pretences for a quarrel, as they are comparatively insignificant, must necessarily recur in the relations between a neutral and a belligerent who are connected by vicinity, by commerce, and by innumerable political relations. The real cause of offence was lately stated, with truly American candour, on the high authority of the United States Minister in England. Mr. ADAMS calmly informed a deputation of philanthropists who applauded the PRESIDENT for not murdering Confederate prisoners, that the prevailing want of sympathy for the North, unless it were corrected, must inevitably lead to war. The lawless intolerance of national selfishness has never been so innocently confessed. NAPOLEON himself would have devised a more plausible excuse for threatening an unoffending neighbour with war. As coarse and boastful menaces are not likely to produce enthusiasm for the Federal cause, there is too much probability of a rupture, especially as popular cupidity coincides with an ignorant desire for revenge. In the presence of so great a risk, the English Government would be inexcusable if it were to invite aggression by any exhibition of weakness. The arrogance of an inexperienced community is extravagantly stimulated by the comparison of enormous armaments with the ordinary establishments of a peaceable nation. It would be strange if a warlike expenditure of five hundred millions sterling had produced no visible results, yet American politicians fail to understand that England is neither weaker nor poorer because there has been no occasion for any corresponding drain on the national resources. The expenditure of a million and a half after the *Trent* outrage prevented a war; whilst untimely economy at the present moment would not improbably cause an immediate invasion of Canada. The scrupulous neutrality which has been maintained since the beginning of the American war must be continued by the Government; and, on the other hand, Englishmen, in their individual capacity, will undoubtedly exercise their right of discussing the merits of the North and of the South with habitual freedom. Fair notice has been given on the part of the United States of the general wish that war should be declared as soon as it is convenient, and it is the business of English Ministers to take care that the occasion shall, if possible, be indefinitely postponed. The PRESIDENT himself, who appears at present not to concur in the frenzy of his countrymen, will be supported in a moderate course by firmness on the part of England.

An announcement of great reductions in the army and navy was lately issued in a semi-official form, for the purpose of preparing or consulting public opinion. The writer who was employed to make the communication, in default of opinions of his own, supported the alleged project by the commonplace arguments which have been consistently used for many years by Mr. CORBET and Mr. BRIGHT. It is, however, highly

improbable that the Government should stultify all its previous policy by adopting the theories and the language of the Peace Society. Even if the condition of Europe had suggested the possibility of reducing the national armaments, the threats of Mr. ADAMS and Mr. SEWARD, and the insolent order of the day issued by General DIX, will impose upon Parliament the imperative duty of avoiding even the appearance of weakness. If the outlay of past years has diminished the necessary expenditure for naval construction, a corresponding reduction in the Estimates will be universally acceptable; but the Government is bound to maintain the full efficiency both of the army and the navy, at a time when a display of resolution may not improbably preclude the demand for their services in action. The experience of many years has proved that sudden fits of economy necessitate, within a short period, a disproportionate outlay. The Crimean war might have been bought off by a preliminary expenditure of ten per cent. on its eventual cost. The jointly enthusiastic frugality of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI in 1856 indirectly produced the enormous Estimates of 1860 and 1861. There is at present no need of a startling Budget, for the natural growth of the revenue during peace provides a reasonable margin for the remission of taxes. A policy of disarmament would transcend the official functions of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the Ministry, as a whole, would be responsible for a measure which would offer direct encouragement to American violence and injustice. Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues would perhaps more willingly connive at his rumoured scheme of reviving a forgotten Act by which the Government may obtain possession of all the railways of the country. Should Mr. GLADSTONE incur the hostility of a powerful body, and at the same time confirm the impression of his restlessness, his colleagues would probably bear with fortitude the diminution of his personal influence. A rash sacrifice of naval and military strength would redound more directly to the discredit of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL.

The Session offers little satisfactory promise, as one of the most questionable points of the obsolete People's Charter will temporarily form a part of the working Constitution. Political theorists will, for the second or third time since the Reform Bill, enjoy the opportunity of studying the system of Annual Parliaments in the living subject. It will probably be found that conscience varies inversely with a lively sense of responsibility to constituents. The present House of Commons has repeatedly proved its fitness to act as a sovereign assembly by disregarding temporary popular influences, while it has faithfully represented the deeper convictions of the country; and its members may be partially excused, though they will not be fully acquitted, if they think, in their last Session, of the coming dissolution, and of the personal consequences which may follow. More pressing, if not higher, duties crave some space between the theatre of patriotic duty and the grave in which a lawful and creditable ambition may perhaps be permanently buried. The year 1865 would have been the time for a Galway contract if Ireland could have waited, and it will probably shed unwonted lustre on the Ballot and on both the amateur Reform Bills. It may be worth Mr. WHALLEY's while to consider whether the properties of the *Maynooth drama* may not be advantageously rescued, for the last time, from the deepest recesses of the Parliamentary wardrobe. There are a few tenacious Protestants in every Scotch and English borough, and it is impossible to say how far a timely threat might succeed in driving their members to a division. The Irish members, on their part, have received due warning from their prelates of the pledges which they must accept at the next election; and although only three of their number attended the late meeting in Dublin, the others will endeavour to conciliate, by their zeal in Parliament, their dreaded and indispensable patrons. The educated Roman Catholic laity deserve full credit for their all but

unanimous refusal to concur in the new sacerdotal agitation, but the members are returned by the peasantry and the petty shopkeepers, who are themselves blindly directed by the priests. If the Irish representatives display a lax morality during the ensuing Session, they will probably be kept in countenance by English cultivators of the favour of their constituents.

Popular votes will be more freely given because it will be known that they will produce little immediate result. It is not likely that a Parliament which has been remarkable for its prudent inaction should suddenly busy itself at the last moment with officious legislation. Many of the bills which may be introduced will be only notices of motion, to be followed up or abandoned, as circumstances may suggest, in a future Parliament. Even the speeches will partake of the character of hustings' addresses, although they will still be fortunately subject to criticism and confutation. It has happened that no reason of party convenience or obvious public advantage recommended an earlier dissolution, but there are great advantages in the uncertainty of human and Parliamentary life. If every man was inevitably condemned to die at sixty, the interval after fifty or fifty-five would probably be useless to himself and to the world. A House of Commons is also the better for the knowledge that it may survive for a reasonable time, if it can escape various casualties. Even the members who confidently hope to resume their seats are aware that every new Parliament has a character of its own, and that they may be compelled to reconsider their opinions and their political position. Uneasiness, doubt, and expectation are unfavourable conditions of effective activity. It is impossible to foresee the complications in domestic or foreign politics which may require solution during the ensuing Session. If it should be necessary to decide on great questions of peace or war, even an expiring Parliament may be implicitly trusted with the charge of the national honour. In ordinary business and legislation there is a risk both of timidity and rashness. Long-sighted politicians will, however, in their own personal interest, abstain from hasty decisions and from unnecessary pledges. They will know that the opinions of the constituencies have not yet been tested, and that local leaders are not uniformly devoted to the doctrines which the mob of their adherents may proclaim. Above all, it is impossible to calculate beforehand the conditions of influence and success in a future Parliament. Many successive elections must intervene before a House of Commons will be inclined to discuss with patience Universal Suffrage and the Rights of Man.

#### THE VATICAN AND THE SHELDONIAN.

TO men of a devout and pious mind few things can be more truly painful than to find their fervour and zeal attributed by debased worldlings to the lowest motives of self-interest. This must be the bitterest drop in the afflicting cup which those who are not conformed to the world are commonly forced to swallow. The charge of turning spiritual things into means of temporal advantage is, of all accusations, the hardest which the man of unaffected goodness is required to bear with meekness and patience. He goes into the temple to pray and to offer sacrifice, but his enemies straightway assert that he has gone to buy and to sell, and to turn the holy place into a den of thieves. Two burning and shining lights in the Christian Church are at this moment enveloped by a cloud of abuse and calumny. Two holy leaders who would fain conduct the people into the paths of righteousness and peace are at this moment grievously harassed by the misrepresentations of the scorners, and the cruel imputation of base motives will doubtless wound them far more keenly than the probable failure of their pious and beneficent projects. Each of them has recently sent forth an allocution to the faithful, and though one prescribes a policy for the Church of England and the other for the Church of Rome, disinterested zeal for the promotion of truth and the real welfare of their respective communities is equally visible in both. The Encyclical Letter of the POPE, and Mr. DISRAELI's recent oration in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, are of course distinguished by separate characteristics, but genuine piety and enlightenment are common features on which a Roman Catholic and an English Churchman may dwell with equal delight and edification.

Even the points in which the two manifestoes differ are capable of a most satisfactory explanation. The cursing of enemies, for instance, is much less fluently done in the English than in the Latin allocution. But here the POPE had obvious advantages. The Latin super-

latives have a hissing force which even Mr. DISRAELI's amiable tones could not impart to plain English. The POPE, too, had an amply furnished armoury to fall back upon in the grand cursing traditions of his office. Mr. DISRAELI has had to invent all his own curses as he has gone on in life. It is true he has done little else. On the single occasion when he had to deliver an official blessing, he furnished up the blessing of another man. If it were true that the curser, like the poet, *nascitur non fit*, the cursing of the Sheldonian would have far surpassed the cursing of the Vatican. If Mr. DISRAELI and the POPE had started fair, there can be little doubt that the English heretics would have received much severer punishment at the hands of the great spiritual champion than "civilization and progress" had to endure from the POPE. But the accumulated imprecations of many centuries cannot be rivalled by the individual efforts of even the most fluent and malignant inventor. Another point of difference, in which also the POPE has slightly the best of it, is his superior ecclesiastical position. The Irvingites are the only sect in which angels are a recognised order in the hierarchy. Mr. DISRAELI's pleasing assumption of this spiritual rank, therefore, helped but little to win the good-will of his hearers. When he declared himself on the side of the angels, people remembered that the angels had divided themselves into two hostile bands, and doubt as to which of the two angelic camps it was that the persecutor of PEELE had come from served for a time to impair his influence. Imaginary wings are a much less striking dress than a palpable tiara. But perhaps lack of appropriate costume was more than compensated by the superior talent of the performer. Mr. DISRAELI playing saint without lawn might have been as good as GARRICK playing Hamlet in a bag-wig and shorts. Still people would scarcely enjoy the latter in our own day, and some persons at Oxford doubtless thought that, though "the well-being of human society itself" might absolutely demand that the bishops should "again exercise their pastoral solicitude to destroy new opinions," pastoral solicitude, in this sense, was not Mr. DISRAELI's strong point. Just as malevolent TRUMPERS were found to sneer at the qualifications of the amateur flock-master, hard-working parsons and hard-thinking theologians refused to become disciples of the amateur ecclesiastic. Such is ever the inflexible bigotry of professional workers. The farmers would not believe in crossing South Downs with Cotswolds, and religious people would not believe in crossing Christianity with Judaism, or religion with the vagaries of politicians. But the POPE is a priest as well as a politician, and the nature of his office invests all that he has to say with an authority which poor Mr. DISRAELI only sighs after in vain. It is a long time before a man who has habitually played the part of a political *advocatus diaboli* can gain recognition for his credentials as champion of angels. This, however, is only one of the tribulations to which the just must accustom themselves. It is a matter of lamentation that Mr. DISRAELI did not, like the POPE, enumerate the specific doctrines from which the Church should purge herself. The followers of the POPE now know clearly what they ought to believe and what they ought to disbelieve. But the followers of Mr. DISRAELI, wherever they are to be met with, are left in distressing uncertainty upon the number and precise nature of the heresies they are required to put away. It is to be hoped that the example of the POPE will not be without effect, and that Mr. DISRAELI, Bishop ELLICOTT, and everybody else who declaims against the "spirit of the times," will distinctly set forth, in eighty or any other number of propositions, the wicked ingredients of which that spirit is composed. In so important a matter vagueness is a most serious evil. The POPE has accurately defined what his notion of this fearful spirit is, and it will be a great comfort if a corresponding body in England will do the same thing. They would probably derive more good from such a clearing up of their ideas than even those who are so unhappy as to incur their disapprobation.

There are numerous other diversities between the oracles of the Vatican and the Sheldonian, but it is more instructive to look at some of the points of resemblance. The most striking of these is the dismay which the allocution in each case has created among the men who profess to aim at the same end as the allocutor. Mr. DISRAELI's innocent and laudable design was to point out a way for extending the influence of the Church. There are those, however, who are so foolish as to think that the Christian religion will be most efficaciously spread by adhering to Christian principles. They believe that the power and strength of the Church are proportionate to the breadth of its base. They see no essential incompatibility



between criticism and belief. Mr. DISRAELI fouted these timid and compromising theories as valiantly as the POPE has charged the noxious chimera of civilization. His demonstration that critical inquiries are a silly waste of time in anybody, and in a clergyman sometimes much worse, was as cogent and irrefragable as his eminently satisfactory proof, in bygone times, of the folly of free trade. The way in which he denounced critical writers for publishing second-hand speculations reminded his hearers of his denunciation of Sir ROBERT PEEL for having stolen the clothes of the Whigs. But all this invective and logic, and even an exquisitely pious joke about the eternity of punishment, failed to convey conviction. Precisely in the same way, the Encyclical Letter tends to embarrass a certain set of believers. No man, under pain of contradicting Infallibility, can henceforth hold the damnable doctrine that the Papacy is not opposed to what are absurdly styled modern progress and civilization. Can it ever be sufficiently regretted by devout men that Mr. DISRAELI has not Papal authority, and that Churchmen refuse to rally round him as obstinately as his so-called supporters in the House of Commons refuse? The fanciful vision of a comprehensive and enlightened Church policy would be promptly and immediately dispelled if a Disraelite encyclical could only be invested with Papal authoritativeness. We should then learn, once for all, that the health of the Church of England is wholly inconsistent with either the free formation or the free expression of opinions which have not received the sanction of episcopal wisdom and learning. It might even come to pass that the "power of the laity" would be invited to "inflict the penalties of the law upon the violators of the Christian religion." In fact, Mr. DISRAELI's views seem already to go much further than this. He does not care to entrust this power to the laity, but he would gladly give it to an ecclesiastical tribunal, from which a more rigorous administration of justice might fairly be expected. Be this as it may, the POPE wants power in order to persecute, and Mr. DISRAELI is willing to encourage persecution because he wants power. The disinterested public will be indisposed to gratify the anxiety in either case. To be vicious as serpents and weak as doves, is a new maxim in Christian ethics which has not as yet found general favour.

The political positions of these two crusaders against "new doctrines" are as similar as their attitudes in theology. The Eldest Son of the Church has lent a helping hand to the destroyers of the temporal power; and half of the Conservatives would sacrifice party success for the pleasure of thwarting their leader. Spain remains, a faithful but feeble ABDEL, on the side of the POPE; and a few of the youngest members of the Junior Carlton have sworn allegiance to Mr. DISRAELI. Each pursues a policy which makes him the heaviest reproach that the best of his supporters have to bear. One of the prime causes of the distrust with which Mr. DISRAELI is regarded has been his sympathy with the Austrians and the POPE against the Italians. Perhaps this sympathy has been instinctive. There is, however, one difference which is worth noticing. The unhappy POPE is instigated to evil and folly by the whispers of less respectable men than himself, but Mr. DISRAELI has always been his own MEPHISTOPHELES. It remains to be seen whether he can damage the Church of England as gravely as men like the advisers of Pius IX. are damaging the Church of Rome.

#### MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. BRIGHT and Mr. DISRAELI have lately had the opportunity of delivering speeches which scarcely touched on political controversy. Men have, in all ages, regarded with pleasure the amusements and peaceable occupations of those who ordinarily represent military and civil pugnacity; and CINCINNATUS at his plough, LUCULLUS at his dinner, the Duke of WELLINGTON presiding at Boards of the Trinity House, WILKES sitting at the Mansion House as Alderman of the day, have all been deservedly popular. Mr. DISRAELI is perhaps more at his ease, discussing county affairs at Aylesbury, than Mr. BRIGHT when he attends the opening of the Birmingham Exchange. The convenience, to a large town, of a large building containing several large rooms, is so obvious that it must have been almost impossible to speak for five minutes in a manner strictly appropriate to the occasion. The subject had been exhausted, in prayers and other kinds of speeches, before Mr. BRIGHT's turn arrived, and a great orator and debater could afford to confess that he had never acquired the art of spinning rhetorical cobwebs out of nothing. The introduction or postponement of the Highway Act as a part of the local administration of Buckinghamshire was better suited to Mr. DISRAELI's tastes. For the moment, he felt himself

a thorough county magistrate, and the serious concentration of his thoughts and interests on the immediate discussion was undoubtedly edifying to his colleagues. Parliament has of late been too willing perhaps to content itself with inchoate or permissive legislation, by transferring to towns or counties the responsibility of a decision which properly belongs to itself. The Act by which justices in Quarter Sessions were allowed to transfer the management of highways from parishes to districts has produced, in connexion with former measures of the same tentative character, some results with which Mr. DISRAELI is perhaps unacquainted. The permanent advantages of the change have, in general, recommended it to the favour of landowners, while the rate-paying occupiers have objected to an immediate increase of expense. In many counties, the application of the Act has been the subject of a contest between the landlords and the tenants, and, notwithstanding Mr. DISRAELI's advocacy of the more popular side in the controversy, the undoubted convenience of a larger area of taxation and management will by degrees be gradually recognised. In the North, however, some acute opponents of the Bill have discovered that districts under the Local Government Act are expressly excepted from its provisions; and although the Legislature intended the Local Government Act to extend only to towns and suburban districts, it forgot to express its intentions. Half-a-dozen parishes collectively, including a sufficient population, by constituting themselves into a Local Government district, may set the Highway Act and the squires at defiance. Perhaps the Buckinghamshire farmers, headed by their rustic and simple-minded member, may prefer the simpler process of rejecting the Highway Act by the vote of the Quarter Sessions.

Mr. BRIGHT, at the Birmingham Exchange, was in some degree out of his place, and, happening to be in good humour, he was for the time out of his character. The members for the county and the borough had been invited, and while Mr. ADDERLEY and Mr. BROMLEY belong to the Conservative party, Mr. SCHOLEFIELD is avowedly opposed to Mr. BRIGHT on the American question. It would have been unreasonable and unfair to take such an opportunity of advocating special views, or of indulging in attacks on political opponents, and Mr. BRIGHT himself candidly lamented the absence both of exciting antagonism and of encouraging unanimity. In the House of Commons he had enemies to confound, and in the Town Hall at Birmingham, though the audience and the speakers were all of the same mind, there was every facility for denouncing those who held different opinions out of doors. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, Mr. BRIGHT was cheerful, and almost benevolent. He had evidently derived unexpected gratification from the prayer which had been part of the ceremonial, because it, perhaps inadvertently, advocated his own favourite policy. The respectable Vicar of Birmingham probably meant no harm when he prayed, on behalf of the assemblage, for the restoration of the Union, or, in other words, for the success of the Federal arms; but he forgot that, in praying for the friends of Mr. BRIGHT, he was praying at Mr. SCHOLEFIELD. Such utterances can hardly be too general and indefinite if it is intended that a mixed audience should concur, or even passively acquiesce, in the purport of the petition. The assumption that a political opinion has received, or ought to receive, Divine sanction is highly provoking to the supporters of the contrary theory; yet it was, after all, worth while to commit a trifling oversight for the sake of inducing Mr. BRIGHT to compliment the clergy with an unprecedented warmth. If the body in general would agree to pray for Mr. LINCOLN, they might perhaps rank, in Mr. BRIGHT's favour, after trades of all denominations, and far above landowners. Possible or occasional public speakers ought to sympathize with Mr. BRIGHT's efforts to say something about the Exchange. It is evident that a convenient room, opened at convenient times, offers facilities for meeting; and it seems probable that merchants and manufacturers at Birmingham, as in other places, will occasionally wish to meet. A warm, well-lighted, covered space furnishes opportunities for exchanging orders, for comparing prices, and for arranging payments; but Mr. BRIGHT had not been asked to come all the way from Rochdale for the purpose of sitting down after delivering himself of three or four truisms.

The only general opinion of his own which seemed capable of further exposition was the singular and characteristic fancy that there is some special merit in making money by trade. Accordingly, Mr. BRIGHT proceeded to explain that merchants and manufacturers labour under the weakness of not thinking highly enough of themselves. The salt of the earth, they are insensible of their own savour;

their candlestick is covered by themselves with a bushel; and their city, though set on a hill, is obscured by clouds proceeding, as the envious might suggest, from smoke of their own making. In the new Birmingham Exchange, it is hoped that they will recognise their own superiority to the rest of their species. The Greek colonies on the coast of the Mediterranean, Tyre and Carthage, Genoa and Venice, Ghent, Bruges, and Amsterdam, illustrated the prosperity and greatness which might be derived from commerce. It was, indeed, objected by a subsequent speaker, Mr. LLOYD, that Carthage and the rest have fallen as well as risen; and a century ago it was the fashion to contrast the supposed permanence of agricultural wealth with the brittle fabric of commerce.

For Trade's proud Empire hastes to swift decay,  
As Ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;  
While self-dependent power can Time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Goldsmith's commonplaces are perhaps somewhat less valuable than Mr. BRIGHT's, for no reasonable politician or economist would dream of disputing the advantages of manufacturing and commercial industry. By the fortunate constitution of society and of human nature, the interests of individuals coincide with the welfare of the community. The cotton which is spun and woven in Lancashire is useful to commerce, and the profits which accrue during the process swell the general wealth of the country; yet the workmen are exclusively influenced by the desire of wages, and their employers by the hope of using their capital with advantage. There is nothing wrong and nothing peculiarly meritorious in the cause or in the result. Tyre, and Carthage, and Venice grew under the same natural laws, coerced by the "sacred hunger of gold," which was not called sacred in the modern sense, nor guided, according to a cruder phrase, by the "belly, teacher of arts and donor of practical ability." The workman, when he has saved money enough, exchanges, if he can, the labour of his hands for headwork which is pleasanter or easier. The rich manufacturer becomes a sleeping partner, or he buys land and becomes a country gentleman, and an enemy, by virtue of his calling, of Mr. BRIGHT. It requires no argument to prove that producers are economically more useful than consumers, but it is their poverty and not their will which spins and forges. Mr. BRIGHT would fully appreciate the bad taste of a lawyer, a doctor, or a landowner, who publicly expatiated on the distinctive excellence of those who followed his own profession or pursuit; but his social and political prejudices blind him to the absurdity of a similar glorification of himself and his occupation. If there were two sides to the discussion, it might be interesting to inquire whether shareholders in a Limited Liability Company for working a mill are included in the list of Mr. BRIGHT's elect. If they are relegated to the rank of worthless consumers because they take no part in the management of the business, large capitalists will add, to many other advantages which they enjoy, an invidious monopoly of virtue and merit. There is no room for an unlimited number of master cotton-spinners, and persons of smaller means cannot all become clerks or foremen; yet it seems as wicked to live on the dividends of a cotton company as on the rent of land. Mr. BRIGHT himself is not yet prepared for a co-operative world consisting of small capitalists exclusively and universally occupied in tending steam engines.

A more practical portion of Mr. BRIGHT's address implied a doubt whether even factory operatives have yet attained to ideal perfection. While he rightly and fairly admitted that the contingent possibility of strikes might not be an unmixed evil, he expressed in the strongest language his conviction that strikes, as actually conducted, are for the most part unjust, oppressive, and mischievous. The facility of combination which is connected with a want of individual independence in the working classes, has long been regarded by impartial politicians as one of the strongest objections to a largely extended franchise; and Mr. BRIGHT's admission of the tendency, and of the abuse of the powers which it confers, may be accepted as conclusive evidence. When he, on other occasions, advocates the claim of the same class to the exercise of political power, he is probably not inconsistent, for he hopes, not without reasonable grounds, that the force which is now expended in the operations of trades' unions would be available, under the direction of himself and his associates, for political purposes. His condemnation of strikes will command general assent, and Mr. BRIGHT himself appears to rely but little on the remedy which he proposes in the form of general education. He is not provided with any scheme for removing the religious or sectarian difficulty which alone prevents the establishment of common schools in every district. The

operatives have at present the means of elementary education, and thus far their improved intelligence has not induced them to discontinue the practices of which Mr. BRIGHT disapproves. As he candidly allows, there are strikes even in the earthly paradise beyond the Atlantic, although he asserts, on rather doubtful authority, that the disputes between masters and men are there more easily settled than in England. The workmen of Paris are at this moment negotiating, against the interest of the employers, with a Government which would not unwillingly punish the liberal traders by a measure which would at the same time conciliate the most numerous part of the community. It is, on the whole, not unsatisfactory to find that the most vigorous advocate of democratic measures has been taught by experience that a multitude has sometimes tyrannical inclinations.

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE TUILERIES.

THE French EMPEROR has paid the New Year the welcome compliment of saluting it in silence. The few formal sentences in which he acknowledged the homage of the diplomatic and official bodies are scarcely worth recording among his other Imperial utterances, and the various deputations left the awful presence without having been either surprised, or edified, or alarmed. Even the terrible splutter of a PORE's Christmas candlestick did not seem to have disturbed the serenity of the dying year at the Tuileries. In return for the ambiguous information that he was the subject of the prayers of the Catholic world, HIS MAJESTY naively expressed his gratification at the news, and politely hoped that the Archbishop of PARIS and his clergy would go on praying, and not forget the little PRINCE IMPERIAL while they were about it. The conventional assertion that the programme of the Empire was, as usual, to be the development of right, of justice, and of peace, is understood on such occasions to be a declaration which means nothing, and which need not therefore be criticized as if it were a State manifesto. Since the preceding January, the Empire has indeed passed twelve months of quiet, but not altogether undignified, repose, and its master can afford himself the extraordinary luxury of abstaining from self-praise. That the democratic clique over which Prince NAPOLEON and his friends preside pronounces itself dissatisfied with the conduct of France during 1864 is the necessary consequence of an Imperial policy which has left the Papacy intact, and which has not set the Continent in a blaze. From a larger point of view, it may well be thought that, by a masterly inaction, the EMPEROR has once more made good his claim to be considered a tactician of no mean order. The Polish difficulty, strictly speaking, does not belong to the history of the year that has just closed. Long before 1864 dawned upon Europe, the doom of Poland had been sealed, and French sympathy for the Polish revolution was either by that time exhausted, or laid designedly upon the shelf. Nor has any of the humiliation incurred with respect to the Danes been meted out to France. It cannot seriously be doubted that, in refraining from all show of interference with Germany, the EMPEROR has deliberately been following out part of a larger plan, to further which he has thought it well worth while to submit to the dismemberment of Denmark and the possible extension of the Prussian frontier. In order to comprehend the Emperor of the FRENCH, it must never be forgotten that he is a man who, with all his practical sense, is at heart an idealist, if not a doctrinaire. For anything Germany can tell, she may have been unconsciously settling the geographical fate of the Duchies in accordance with that future map of Europe which NAPOLEON III. pertinaciously keeps, if not in his study, at all events in his head. Three or four distinct diplomatic advantages appear to have fallen like windfalls to the lot of France. First of all, the German nation has more or less committed itself to the theory of nationalities. Secondly, England has taken a significant step in the direction of non-intervention on the Continent. Thirdly, England and Germany are for the present estranged, and the French Empire has not to deal with a united, but with a divided, Europe. Lastly, France has gained in Germany all that this country has lost. The contingent results of all these changes may be most important. To comprehend their full significance, it is only necessary to put two hypothetical cases. The first is that of a French war with Austria. In such an event, France might fairly hope for neutrality on the part of Prussia. The second hypothetical case is a still more serious one, and let us trust that it never will be more than hypothetical. If King LEOPOLD were suddenly to die, and a party in Belgium



were as suddenly to clamour for annexation to France, what is there to stand in the way of the success of such an intrigue? NAPOLEON III. has learnt, by the experience of the last two years, the full value of European guarantees, and of old treaties. Is there a single country on the Continent that would at this moment go to war to prevent the dismemberment of Belgium? Prussia is estopped by the late Danish war; nor, perhaps, would she be sorry to sacrifice Belgium for the sake of quiet on the Rhine. What Russia would think may be gathered from what Russia thought about Savoy. There remains only England, and though what England might say remains to be seen, what the Manchester party would say is tolerably clear. Upon the whole, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the French Empire has not impaired its position in Europe during 1864.

At home, the French Empire has learnt that it can exist without plunging at every possible opportunity into war. Discreditable as resignation on such a point may appear to a free people, Frenchmen seem satisfied to acquiesce for the present in an able Government which crushes the literary classes and which silences the press. There has been during the last year more freedom of Parliamentary discussion in the French Chambers, yet NAPOLEON III. has not been injured by it. The Opposition in the Legislative Body is composed of a group of remarkable and courageous men. But the French Government has less to apprehend from a dozen stars of the first magnitude than it would have to fear from a larger number of incapable but united enemies. The systematic antagonism of a brilliant few is rendered nugatory by the fact that, though they are all unanimous in condemning the present régime, they are all at variance as to the details of any possible reconstruction. When once they get beyond the topic of the internal liberties of the press and of the electoral bodies, they have no alternative to offer to France on great political questions, in exchange for the programme of the Government. Even in matters of finance, they have nothing to add, in favour of retrenchment, to that which is said every week in the EMPEROR'S study by the MINISTER of FINANCE himself. Statesmen, as a rule, in a democratic country, criticize the neatness of a balance-sheet more severely than do the constituencies which they represent. The masses care more for the way in which the public money is spent than for the financial problem whether or not it would be possible for the nation to manage upon a smaller income. A glorious, or even a vainglorious, military expedition thus atones usually for a profligate expenditure, and even the peaceful and ostentatious enterprises of M. HAUSMANN bring to the Empire a glory and a popularity which, in the eyes of France, amply justify their cost. In the coming Session, M. THIERS is likely to denounce M. HAUSMANN'S programme and to advocate economy. Yet it may be doubted whether, in the absence of military laurels, the Empire may not subsist for many years on the easy credit of that official's spirited, and on the whole successful, performances. Twelve years of external excitement have strengthened the hands of the nephew of the great NAPOLEON; ten more, devoted with lavish display to boulevards, railroads, and canals, might seat him irrevocably on his throne. A few indecorous pieces of tyranny to Parisian journalists are soon forgotten, but bricks and mortar are imperishable; and, if Paris is permanently embellished, a grateful democracy will not be too hard on its paternal Government, even if the oppressed M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL has to emigrate in despair to Egypt.

The Catholic question continues, it is true, to embarrass the Imperial Government, but there is every reason to believe that it embarrasses still more the party of the Opposition. Doubtless the POPE'S Encyclical Letter disturbs NAPOLEON III. less than it disturbs the assailants of the Imperial policy, and even M. DE MONTALEMBERT may possibly acknowledge in his heart that Rome is not too wise. The violent denunciations of the French press are partly due to the fact that the POPE is an absolute ruler who may safely be worried, partly to a vain hope of dragging the French Government into a more extreme anti-Catholic policy. But the EMPEROR is not likely to pay the POPE the complimentary attention even of political reprisals. The plan of the Empire is settled, and to depart from it because an aged ecclesiastic is insolent would be unworthy of a resolute mind. The circular of M. BAROCHE is a sufficient and a contemptuous answer to so much of the Papal document as reflects upon the principles of France. With some political humour, the Minister has almost copied, word for word, a circular addressed by a Legitimist Government to the French Bishops in 1829. In that year, also, the Vatican had accompanied the proclamation of a Jubilee with a commentary reflecting on the principles of

the French Constitution; and, in exercise of an acknowledged political right, Monseigneur FEUTRIER, Bishop of Beauvais and Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, forbade the publication of so much of the Bull as might be considered offensive to the State. It will be a grim satisfaction to M. BAROCHE to be able to point to the original of his despatch, when he is accused by the French Catholics of impiety or oppression. A lay Imperialist may surely hope to be preserved from serious indecorums if he models his language upon the language of a Bishop and a Legitimist Minister. Before many months it will be seen whether the recent Encyclical has not alienated the moderate and Gallican party in the French Church far more than it has annoyed the Government. If this be so, NAPOLEON III., for the hundredth time, will be able to congratulate himself on the stupidity and improvidence of his opponents.

#### THE ST. ALBAN'S RAIDERS.

IF it be true, as reported, that the robbers of the St. Alban's Bank have been again arrested, and this time under a warrant regular in form, the political importance of the decision of Judge COURSOL will have disappeared. It is interesting, however, to ascertain how far the Judge was right, and whether the authorities of the United States have any one but themselves and their agents to blame for the miscarriage of justice in the first instance. The law of the case, as it was originally reported, was too clear for argument. In the year 1842, the Extradition Treaty between England and the United States—which was so closely canvassed in the case of the fugitive slave ANDERSON, and under which MÜLLER and many other criminals have been surrendered to English justice—was signed. The treaty stipulated that, upon requisition made by either Government, its Ministers, officers, or authorities, the other should deliver up to justice all fugitive criminals charged with certain named offences (of which robbery was one), upon such evidence as the treaty specifies. The treaty went on to stipulate that in such cases the judges and other magistrates of the respective Governments should have jurisdiction to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the alleged criminal, and, upon sufficient evidence being adduced, should certify the same to the proper executive authority, in order that a warrant might issue for the surrender of the fugitive.

In order to give effect to this treaty, an Act (6 and 7 Vict., cap. 76) was passed by the Imperial Legislature, which prescribed the course of procedure to be observed. Upon a requisition being made under the treaty by the authority of the United States, a warrant was to be issued signifying the fact that such requisition had been made, and requiring all justices of the peace, and other magistrates and officers of justice within their jurisdiction, to aid in apprehending the fugitive. The persons by whom this preliminary warrant was to be issued were, in England, a Secretary of State, in Ireland the Chief Secretary, and in any colony the officer administering the Government. After the proceedings had been founded by this warrant, the statute enacted that thereupon it should be lawful for any justice of the peace, or other person having power to commit for trial persons charged with crimes within his jurisdiction, to hear evidence, to issue his warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive, and to commit him to gaol until delivered pursuant to the requisition.

All these provisions are singularly free from obscurity, considering that they are found in an Act of Parliament. Both by the treaty and the statute, the requisition of one Government to the other is the foundation of the whole jurisdiction. The treaty does not provide any machinery by which the existence of such a requisition is to be brought to the knowledge of the judges who are to arrest and commit the offender, and any such provisions would obviously have been out of place in an international document. The treaty did, however, lay an obligation on each Government to provide means for communicating any requisition to the judges, and enabling them to act in the matter. This obligation was discharged by the British Legislature by directing a Minister of State at home, or the Governor in any colony, to issue his warrant for the purpose of setting the judicial tribunals in motion; and it is only when this warrant has been issued that any jurisdiction to arrest the fugitive is given by the statute to any one.

It seems to have been foreseen that some of the colonies might prefer a different machinery for carrying out the treaty; and a clause was accordingly introduced into the Act, to the effect that, if any law of a colonial Legislature should provide for the same objects by any

substituted enactment, it should be lawful for the QUEEN, by the advice of the Privy Council (if to HER MAJESTY in Council it should seem meet, but not otherwise), to suspend the Imperial Act within such colony so long as the substituted enactment should continue in force there, and no longer. This provision was obviously framed for the purpose of preventing any evasion of the treaty by colonial authorities. They were not allowed to substitute other machinery unless the Privy Council should be first satisfied that it would be effectual for the purpose, special words being introduced to show that the suspension of the Imperial Act was not to be sanctioned without actual inquiry by the Privy Council, and, when sanctioned, was not to endure one moment longer than the approved substituted enactment should remain in force. In the particular case which has arisen, the provisions carefully introduced to prevent any possible evasion of the treaty have been the means, through the action of the Canadian Legislature and the blunders of the agents who conducted the case for the United States, of disappointing the claims of justice.

It so happened that, in the year 1848, the Canadian Legislature thought it could substitute provisions more suitable for the colony than those contained in the Imperial Act. It did so, and the substituted enactment (the Canadian Act of 12 Vict. cap. 19) was approved by the Privy Council, and the Imperial statute was suspended "so long as the substituted enactment should continue in force and no longer." Shortly after this, the Canadian statutes were consolidated, and this Act of the 12th Vict. cap. 19, was repealed and re-enacted; and it was part of the argument for the defence of the prisoners that even this formal repeal had the effect of reviving the operation of the Imperial statute, inasmuch as the enactment originally substituted had, in technical strictness, ceased to be in force, although all its provisions were immediately re-enacted. If the case had turned upon such a point as this, there would have been something intelligible in the complaint that a needlessly technical reading of the law had been allowed to stand in the way of justice. But the real point was of a very different and more substantial character. The Canadians were not content with the substituted Act which had been approved by the Privy Council, and in the year 1861 passed another Act, the 24 Vict. cap. 6, wholly altering the procedure against fugitives, and, like their former Act, dispensing with the warrant of the Governor to set the Courts in operation. Whether this last Act really was an efficient substitute for the English statute it is immaterial to inquire, because, by some singular neglect, the Canadian Government never obtained the proper warrant of the Privy Council, without which it could not stand in substitution for the Imperial Act. It is true that the statute was among those reserved for the Royal approval, and that this was given by an Order in Council, in common form, allowing the Act to be left to its operation; but the Order does not purport to be a warrant suspending the Imperial Act under the special powers thereby given to the QUEEN in Council, and it seems to have been forgotten that any such warrant was required. The Canadian Crown lawyers have endeavoured to cure the mistake by relying on this formal Order as a sufficient substitute for the warrant of suspension required by the statute; but this was apparently not mentioned in the argument before Judge COURSEL, and it is extremely doubtful whether the contention would bear discussion. If it is not sound, then the state of the law is this:—The old Canadian Act had been repealed, and the original suspension of the English statute had ceased to operate. It was, therefore, by the Imperial Act alone that the validity of the proceedings taken could be tested. The legal advisers in Canada of the Federal Government altogether missed the point, and never applied for the GOVERNOR'S warrant, which the English statute rendered absolutely essential. The officials of the province seem, not only in this, but we suppose also in other cases since the passing of their last Act on the subject, to have been altogether oblivious of the fact that the suspending warrant of the Privy Council was necessary to give validity to their legislation. Until the objection was taken by the prisoners' counsel, no one appears to have known anything about the state of the law. The United States' agents applied to Judge COURSEL for his warrant under the Canadian Act, and the Judge issued it, without the smallest suspicion that he had no authority to move in the matter until empowered by the GOVERNOR. The case was opened on the facts and adjourned, and only at the last moment was the flaw discovered. When discovered, it was, of course, fatal, and the Judge had no choice but to

release the prisoners, at any rate upon the charge on which the argument had been raised.

A suggestion made in a leading article of the *Times*, that it was the duty of the Judge, after having made up his mind on the point of law, to delay the delivery of his judgment long enough to give time for a regular warrant to issue for the recapture of the prisoners, savours more of profligate expediency than of judicial fairness. A judge who knows that he has wrongfully ordered the arrest of a prisoner would commit a gross breach of duty if he wilfully detained him for a single hour in order to expose him to a fresh arrest. An irregularity of this kind might perhaps be pardoned in executive officers if they chose to take the responsibility of it, especially in a case where it was both the duty and the interest of the country to bring the offender to justice. But no judicial functionary who has the smallest respect for himself or his office would dream of asserting a jurisdiction which he did not possess, in the expectation that he would soon be clothed with the requisite authority. The legal argument, however, appears to have been heard only on one of the charges against the prisoners; and without knowing the precise form in which the matter presented itself, it is not easy to say whether Judge COURSEL was equally right in setting the prisoners at liberty without hearing the arguments repeated upon the other charges also. He must have known very well that, if the discussion once commenced, it would be easy for the prosecution to prolong the hearing until a proper warrant could be obtained; but, holding, as he then did, that the prisoners were detained under illegal warrants, which he had issued in error, he seems to have thought it his duty to correct his mistake as soon as he discovered it, by setting them free at once. A more exact account than has yet reached this country of the proceedings taken would perhaps clear up any doubt upon this point; and in the meantime it is satisfactory to know that the decision, which naturally enough disappointed and provoked the American authorities, so far from turning on any mere quibble of law, was necessitated by the simple fact that the Canadian judge had no title of jurisdiction to arrest the prisoners at all. It may reasonably be conjectured that, if the abortive Canadian statute had been of a character to impair the remedies of the United States, their counsel would have insisted, with equal justice and with equal success, on the nullity of the Provincial legislation and the supreme authority of the English statute. The same argument happens, unfortunately in this case, to have been available for the prisoners, but it would have been an insult to ask any Court to disregard it on that account. A blunder has been committed, and, we may hope, subsequently rectified; but it would have been both a blunder and a crime to pervert the law merely because the accused were probably criminals of a very mischievous kind, and the prosecutors a powerful and irritable nation.

#### THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

THE POPE'S Encyclical Letter has received a ludicrous commentary in France, where the Government, simply refusing to allow the publication of the document itself, has referred to the Council of State the separate question whether the faithful are to be allowed a month's indulgence, or, rather, whether they are to have official notice of the boon. As the MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORSHIP informs the Bishops, it is impossible to accept the Papal propositions, because they are inconsistent with the principles on which the Empire is founded. It is not clear whether the Imperial authority or the celebrated principles of 1789 are supposed to collide with doctrines and paradoxes which, in fact, move in another plane far from the business of the real world. If it is a deadly error to affirm that the POPE ought to reconcile himself with progress and modern civilization, it is also difficult to ascertain what progress and civilization mean. Rome might easily reconcile itself to the concentration of political power in the hands of an Emperor, and to the administration of all public, and many private, affairs by an official hierarchy. The French nation, however, dislikes and suspects ecclesiastical authority, and in departments where the Prefect happens not to be a bigot, even Protestantism is, to some extent, tolerated. The insinuated proposition that heretics ought to be burnt is certainly inconsistent with the principles which have prevailed for the greater part of a century. The priesthood and the fashionable ladies who constitute the orthodox world in France will suffer no practical inconvenience from the supposed suppression of a document which has been published



in all the newspapers, with voluminous comments. It may be hoped that the Council of State will succeed in framing a decree which will enable pious Frenchmen and Frenchwomen to escape the penalties of a month in purgatory. Casuists, indeed, might suggest that the Encyclical Letter must be taken as a whole, so that a community which is not officially supposed to have read it has no right to take advantage of the consideration offered in exchange for obedience; and the Council of State, possessing no authority to decide the question of theological jurisprudence, ought at least to place no artificial obstacle in the way of the Papal concession. The MINISTER of PUBLIC WORSHIP virtually admits that an indulgence which a profane French layman would regard as a spiritual ticket-of-leave for a month is not inconsistent with the principles of the Empire.

It is possible that the POPE's manifesto may have had some influence in disinclining the Roman Catholic laity to attend the late meeting in Dublin. It is more certain that it will confirm the resolution of Italian statesmen and patriots, and in Austria it will supply forcible arguments to the opponents of the existing Concordat. Intelligent Spaniards will find little satisfaction in the knowledge that their country stands alone in Europe in the maintenance of penal laws against heresy, and their Court will learn with alarm that the alienation of Church property has not yet been condoned. The prelates and priests in the United States, who have long and laboriously imitated the political dialect of surrounding Republicans or Democrats, will have some difficulty in explaining the conformity of the Papal doctrines with theories of civil and religious equality. Even in the South American States, the schismatic opinions which were freely expressed after the conflagration of Santiago will find a fresh opportunity of utterance when the POPE's wonderful publication furnishes a text for criticism. Among the hundred or hundred and fifty millions of Latin Christians who assume the title of the Universal Church, there is not a national or provincial community which will derive from the Encyclical Letter satisfaction or edification. Nor will an Allocation which has been subsequently addressed to the Sacred College tend to allay any doubts which may have arisen as to the infallible wisdom of the supposed successor of St. PETER. PIUS IX. professes his readiness to repeat *Nunc Dimittis*, with SIMEON, as soon as he has witnessed the destruction of the enemies of the Holy See, and the triumph of truth and virtue. When the Church has become supreme in temporal and spiritual affairs, and when truth and virtue in the Roman sense, or in any sense, are universally established, it will certainly be time for the present POPE to think of making room for a successor. His subjects cherish a popular belief that no Pope can exceed the term of twenty-five years, which corresponds to the legendary reign of St. PETER. The triumph of truth and virtue will not, on the most moderate computation, be completed within the next twenty-five centuries. There will always remain enemies of the Holy See, or dissidents from its claim of authority, until the world in general understands why encyclical letters and allocutions should be couched in ostentatiously irrational language, and should purport to establish propositions which no human being can possibly believe. Having ascertained the motives for adopting exceptional logic and language, unprejudiced persons will be able to judge how far they can accept the Papal conclusions.

A remarkable book, written in a style which was formed in England, and not at Rome, has lately shown that, to some minds, the Papal system is especially attractive in its most paradoxical aspect. Dr. NEWMAN proves, by a string of easy syllogisms, that Rome alone fulfils the conditions of an infallible Church, necessarily existing, and essentially antagonistic to the world. It is not surprising that the doctrines of such an institution should be inconsistent both with the principles of the French Empire and with terrestrial laws and customs in general; but, historically, the Holy See has mixed largely in the affairs of the world, of which Rome itself, with its late and present territories, must be considered to form a part. With the *seculum* or moral world, which is merely the theologic negative or opposite of the Church, temporal politicians are not concerned. The *orbis terrarum*, including Central Italy, is not to be reclaimed by the obstinate rejection of all the ordinary rules of human conduct. The Encyclical Letter may perhaps become partially intelligible on the assumption that a measure of internal discipline has been not unnaturally mistaken for an act of ecclesiastical policy or strategy. An enemy in the field would not be alarmed or affected by an order that the hostile army should wear a new effigy on the button, or shift a worsted epaulette

from the right shoulder to the left; yet the regulation might in itself be reasonable, or at least innocuous. It is true that a general who issued such an order in the field would probably be a narrow martinet; but professional enthusiasm, whether in the army or the Church, sometimes exhibits itself in singular vagaries. Twenty years ago, an English commander-in-chief in India, reviewing RUNJEET SINGH's formidable army, confined himself to the remark that he wished the Sikhs were under his command, that he might have them all shaved the next morning. The POPE or his advisers are perhaps bent on figuratively shaving, or reducing to external uniformity, those priests who still cherish irregular tendencies to independent thought or action. Italians or heretics may be incidentally condemned for the twentieth time in the Encyclical Letter, but its combinations are really directed against Gallican priests, German theologians, and a few dignitaries who have ventured to recognise the Italian Kingdom. An Ultramontane bishop or parish priest probably cultivates a general abhorrence of heretics, but Englishmen and other Protestants seldom come in his way. A man's genuine enemies in all walks of life are those of his own profession or neighbourhood, if not of his own household. The clergy of Lyons, who have hitherto, in spite of the POPE and their own diocesan, refused to abandon their ancient liturgy, are probably more odious, in the judgment of their adversaries, than a wilderness of Protestants. The outer world is neither the better nor the worse for the assurance that whatever it knows to be true is ecclesiastically false; but the Papal argument, when it is addressed to priests, is forcible, if not conclusive.

Two fictions lately published in France, *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse*, throw a curious light on the persecutions which are practised among the French priesthood. The author's minute knowledge of clerical matters, his ignorance of almost everything else, and his unaffected bitterness of feeling, sufficiently prove that he belongs to the body which he describes. According to his account, every priest who hesitates to accept the extreme pretensions of Rome is tormented by an irresistible combination of clerical spies and tyrants. The points in dispute between the oppressors and the oppressed correspond in great measure with the subjects of the odd declarations which have now received the sanction of the POPE; and it is easy to understand how a document which laymen regard with ridicule or indifference may afford a welcome triumph to the extreme section of the clergy. For certain purposes, there are probably advantages in a strictly mechanical drill. Historians of the Papacy have often recorded with admiration the skill of the mediæval Church in enlisting under her banners, through the different religious orders, all the irregular zeal and devotion which might otherwise have founded sects or schisms. The present POPE holds a different opinion; and perhaps he may ultimately assimilate his clergy to the two thousand soldiers in *Pickwick*, who all looked one way, with their faces studiously divested of all expression whatever. Whenever it is thought expedient to thunder against Liberal opinions or to curse the sacrilegious Piedmontese, the docile forces of Rome will execute the order with unanimous promptitude; but whatever may be the theory of a past golden age or of a future Utopia of dominant truth and virtue, laymen govern the world as it now exists, and they utterly disregard the Papal orders of the day. The Encyclical Letter may perhaps silence troublesome controversies within the clerical body. To the enemies of the Church it will long furnish materials for attack and excuses for opposition.

#### MINISTERIAL SPEECHES.

MINISTERIAL speeches at this period of the year lose even the moderate interest which they inspire during the earlier part of the recess. They are all very well so long as there is nothing better to be got; but now that the Session of Parliament is so near, it is not worth while to spoil our appetite for political gossip upon such dry morsels as Mr. CARDWELL may choose, or Mr. BARING may be willing, to give. The only circumstance which makes these utterances an exception to the ordinary rule is the near approach of a general election. It is not always easy, at other times, to conjecture what are the subjects in which the mass of the middle class are chiefly interested. The newspapers are not a safe guide, because most of them are engaged in propagating some set of opinions or other, and will not submit barely to fulfil the function of reflecting those of their readers. The speeches of independent members are an untrustworthy guide for the same reason. But the speeches of a Ministry like the present, on the point of taking its trial

upon the hustings, are an indicator of much greater value. Veteran students of the laws by which the course of opinion is regulated, in possession of the best electioneering information that the whippers-in and agents of a Government can furnish, are as little likely to err in their judgment of the political horizon as any kind of observers that can be conceived. Being happily unencumbered with a programme, and very doubtful of the issue of the election, they have every motive to suit their opinions as closely to the popular taste as possible.

In this point of view, Mr. BARING's speech is probably of greater value than Mr. CARDWELL's. There are sources of possible error in the indications afforded by the Cabinet Minister's speech, which are absent from that of the subordinate. Mr. CARDWELL has to look to his own future political career beyond the period of the next election. He must say nothing in his speeches which shall embarrass him in his relations to the particular section of politicians with whom it may be his intention to act after the approaching break-up of parties has taken place. Mr. BARING, speaking irresponsibly, and from a position of lower eminence, need trouble himself with no fears of that kind. He is merely playing to win the trick. He is only bound to say nothing but what is perfectly innocuous and safe, and shall not damage the Government, either against the next Parliamentary Session or the next election. For instance, it is evident, from the structure of Mr. CARDWELL's speech, that his sympathies draw him, in spite of his earlier connexions, rather to the Old Whigs than to the Radical party which is shaping itself under the leadership of Mr. GLADSTONE. He gives no hint of a desire that a Reform Bill should be passed, but leaves that ungrateful subject to his colleague, Mr. NEATE, who smooths the way for future efforts in that direction by candidly informing the landed gentry that the movement is chiefly aimed at them. Neither does he express any opinion in favour of disarmament, or lay down any general doctrine of non-intervention. On the contrary, one of the subjects for eulogy which he dwells upon most emphatically, in describing the achievements of the present Parliament, is the increase in our naval and military armaments. In the same spirit he deals with the Colonial question, giving no countenance to the theories of separation which are current in the Radical ranks. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the speech is the care with which the orator draws the line of demarcation between his own position and that of Mr. GLADSTONE. They are colleagues in the same Cabinet, as they have been more than once before; and one represents the city, while the other represents the University, of Oxford. Mr. GLADSTONE's seat is to be hotly contested at the next election, and the argument against him on which his antagonists most rely is, that he is the pillar and strength of a party which occupies itself chiefly in devising measures to injure the Established Church. Of all these measures, the one to which his constituents object the most heartily is the Oxford Tests Bill, which was introduced last Session by Mr. DODSON. If Mr. GLADSTONE should fail to secure his seat, the fact that this Bill was supported, on the third reading, by many of his colleagues and the mass of his party, will probably contribute as much to the catastrophe as any other single cause. Under these circumstances, it might have been expected that Mr. CARDWELL would avoid so disagreeable a subject with scrupulous care. But, far from avoiding it, he gives to it nearly a quarter of his speech; and announces, in language of unwonted emphasis, his objection to the system of tests. The declaration is, however, perfectly in character with the rest of his speech. It is constructed entirely upon the most orthodox Whig principles; and the specific character of a Whig, by which a political naturalist may know one wherever he meets him, is that he is a Conservative upon all profane matters, but a strong Liberal upon ecclesiastical questions. The ecclesiastical domain is the only field upon which Liberalism can be safely indulged without endangering the position of an aristocratic party.

Mr. BARING's speech is more destitute of personal colour, and may be taken as a more accurate reflex of what the Government believe to be the dominant opinion of the country. It represents what may be called the Palmerstonian platform. That platform is not always easy to explain, but it is very simple to carry into practice. It amounts to this—that as many things are desirable, while nothing is possible, the duty of a patriot is to wish very hard, but carefully to abstain from acting. The Government has strong sympathies upon a number of foreign questions. As, however, great care is taken to explain that it is utterly impossible to give the smallest practical effect to these sympathies, it might seem

that it was a very superfluous proceeding to talk so much about them. But the mere possession of sympathies which come to nothing is evidently regarded as a merit on the part of a body of politicians, and worth insisting on frequently as a proof of their fitness to occupy the Treasury Bench. Of course Reform comes in for a good deal of this sympathetic support. Mr. BARING has always believed in the extension of the suffrage. He has always voted for it, and always means to do so. His faith in it has not only been confirmed, but has been increased, by the conduct of the Lancashire weavers, whose abstinence from acts of violence appears to have excited the most uncomplicated surprise in the breasts of all their friends. He goes on through half a column of unanswerable reasons for a Reform Bill, and concludes by intimating that the introduction of such a measure would be at present premature, but that the proper time for it will come. That time will, no doubt, be held to have arrived, if ever Mr. BARING and his chiefs should find their way to the Opposition benches.

No doubt this contemplative policy, which is convenient for a Government in that it saves trouble, also hits with tolerable precision the present humour of the English people. Very few of them would like the idea of really standing still. The belief that we are a progressive people, and are teaching progress to all the rest of mankind, is an inseparable and a very salutary element in our national self-respect. We should feel degraded if any one could say of us that we are by inclination stagnant, or that any considerable party among us has any portion in that defiance of modern progress and civilization in which the POPE has ingeniously contrived to implicate all his legitimist friends in Europe. On the other hand, Englishmen do not like the peculiarities of democratic government. They always viewed it with distrust; and it has now shown in so many cases its tendency to slide into military despotism, that the feeling of aversion has become insuperable. Yet they cannot quite shake off the delusion, of which the origin and the grounds are equally difficult to explain, that the introduction of a democratic suffrage is part and parcel of progress. Therefore they compromise the matter by practically progressing in all other respects, but only theoretically progressing upon the path towards democracy. They are content to contemplate the beauties of an extended suffrage from a distance, and to repeat to themselves perpetually that any movement in that direction would be for the present premature. For some time, statesmen will probably be compelled to humour this curious armistice between an old-established theory and a prudent practice. But the necessity will gradually become less and less imperative. After a time, people will have the courage to confess to themselves that there is no connexion between progress and democracy, and that the bestowal of the powers of government upon the least instructed and neediest class is progress simply towards ruin. And then, when the delusion has disappeared, if it be ascertained that the artisan class really do make it a point of honour to obtain a share in the election of the House of Commons, means will be discovered of effecting the object without running the risk of democracy. But this process of enlightenment, while it is going on, must be shrouded under a decent veil of conventional professions; and grave men must consent to stand up and argue that political power should be given to the multitude, because a certain class of them abstained from breaking windows when they were thrown out of work.

#### AMERICA.

THE exultation and confidence which prevail in the Northern States are to a great extent justified by the successes of the different armies. It appears, from General SHERMAN's official report, that the accounts of his march contained in the Richmond papers were altogether without foundation. According to his own statement, he has experienced neither suffering nor molestation; his army has been amply supplied with provisions; and he has not lost a single waggon. A commander who has accomplished so much is not under the temptation of exaggerating his own good fortune; and his opinion claims respect even when he declares that Savannah may be considered as already taken. During the whole course of the war, scarcely a single place of importance has before been regularly invested; but as SHERMAN holds the river and the railroads which form the only land approaches, while the fleet commands the sea and the estuary, the reduction of the place, if not the capture of the garrison, is highly probable. The Federal armament can be reinforced to any required extent without

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risk of interruption, and there is no Confederate army in Georgia which can attempt to raise the siege. The event has solved the real and verbal dispute whether the march from Atlanta to the coast was an advance or a retreat. General THOMAS's operations form a part of SHERMAN's plan of campaign, and it has now been proved that the army which was left to hold Hood in check was more than strong enough for the purpose. If SHERMAN had remained with his whole force between Atlanta and Nashville, the Confederates would have avoided a pitched battle, even if they had not retired beyond the frontier of Alabama; but the withdrawal of the main army invited the advance upon Nashville, involving the bloody battles which have ended in an utter Confederate defeat. Future accounts may perhaps explain THOMAS's retreat before and after the battle of Nashville, but they can scarcely justify the temerity of Hood's pursuit of an equal or superior enemy. As the Confederate general had evidently the choice of the field of battle, and the opportunity of avoiding the contest altogether, his challenge to THOMAS to fight on the spot where the Federals were strongest seems wholly unaccountable. The Confederate PRESIDENT evidently committed an error when he superseded JOHNSTON, six months ago, in favour of HOOD. It was the business of the Southern commander to act strictly on the defensive, and to spare his men as far as possible. The battles before Atlanta, as well as the recent conflicts in Tennessee, would have been avoided by a more cautious leader, and the 20,000 or 30,000 men who have been expended in abortive enterprises might either have rendered SHERMAN's march on Savannah impracticable or have compelled THOMAS to remain within the lines of Nashville. The discovery that Georgia is defenceless will encourage future invasions; and, if Savannah falls, Augusta will be seriously threatened in the ensuing campaign. In the North, Chattanooga is said to have been evacuated by the Federal garrison, but HOOD will scarcely be able to offer serious opposition to the advance of THOMAS. The Federal army repairs the railroad as it moves southward, and consequently it can ensure abundant supplies and reinforcements. The Confederates, on the other hand, have no rolling stock on their portion of the line, so that they must depend on the ordinary roads. Their superiority, however, in cavalry may perhaps enable them to disturb the enemy's communications, and even to break up, from time to time, portions of the railway in his rear.

The retreat of HOOD from the neighbourhood of Nashville to the southern edge of Tennessee will probably render BRECKENRIDGE's successes comparatively fruitless. The Government of Washington will not fail to employ additional forces on the border of Tennessee and Virginia, especially as the operations against Richmond appear to be temporarily suspended. General BUTLER, with 20,000 men from GRANT's army, has been detached to co-operate with the naval expedition to Wilmington; and, although the fleet is said to have been partially disabled, there is no reason to suppose that the enterprise will be abandoned. General LEE, who alone among the Confederate commanders has hitherto baffled all the efforts of the invader, must be well aware that the dangers of his position are rapidly accumulating. He would probably be able in the future, as in the past, to defend Richmond on both banks of the James River, and his lieutenant in the Shenandoah Valley has kept SHERIDAN stationary for three months; but a material change in his prospects is caused by the appearance of SHERMAN on the coast of the Atlantic at the head of an effective army, which would be absolutely disposable if Savannah surrendered. The undisputed control of the sea enables the Government of Washington to transfer troops from Georgia to Virginia without inconvenience or loss. No Confederate force could prevent SHERMAN from taking Lynchburg, if he were in its vicinity; and, in combination with GRANT, he would probably be able to intercept the railways which still supply Petersburg and Richmond. The call for 300,000 men will provide the PRESIDENT with the means of repairing a considerable portion of the losses of the late campaigns, but it is scarcely possible that the Confederates will be able to make a corresponding exertion. The renewed rumour of a plan for levying coloured troops indicates, if it has any foundation, a consciousness of great exhaustion, as the Government of Richmond and the Confederate Congress have recently expressed their deep repugnance to a measure which would endanger the existence of slavery.

It is impossible for foreigners to withhold their recognition of the energy and perseverance which have been displayed by the Northern Government, and by the people in general. Englishmen, however, show some generosity in appreciating the merits of professedly implacable enemies. The calumnies,

the menaces, and the extravagant boasts which are day after day addressed to England are, undoubtedly, not to be understood as expressions of practically hostile intentions; but Mr. ADAMS assures the adherents of the Federal cause that the clamour will end in war unless it is abated by submission, and every military and civil functionary in the Northern States knows that an outrage inflicted on England would ensure immediate popularity. The insolent order of General DIX involved imminent danger of a rupture, and those who form and instruct American opinion use their utmost efforts to spread the belief that the quarrel may be commenced with perfect safety. The PRESIDENT has thus far refused his complicity in a crime which would also have been an act of stupendous folly; and it is natural that the only person in the United States who appears to hold a responsible position should display an exceptional regard for prudence and for international law. Fortunately, the House of Representatives has no power to give effect to its recent vote by exercising a supreme control over the foreign policy of the Republic. The same body voted an Address of thanks to Captain WILKES immediately before the PRESIDENT conceded reparation for his lawless attack on the English flag. While due credit must be given to Mr. LINCOLN for his abstinence from wrongful acts and from insulting language, it is unhappily certain that, in the whole of the Northern States, no party and no conspicuous politician attempts to inculcate on a vain and irritable population the doctrines of moderation and peace. The shameful incitements to violence which are constantly promulgated by such papers as the *New York Times* and *New York Herald* are perhaps not so thoroughly characteristic as the complacent indifference to justice of writers who affect a calm superiority to vulgar prejudices. Students of American idiosyncrasies may be interested in the quiet impertinence of a series of letters from the States which appear in the respectable columns of the *Spectator*. The correspondent, addressing English readers, appears to be wholly unaware that any nation except his own can be sensitive to reprimand or to menace. His unconscious illustrations of the temper of his countrymen are still more instructive. It seems that enlightened public opinion demanded war when the owner of an English yacht saved Captain SEMMES from drowning, and it is not surprising that the same high authority should approve of hostile measures in consequence of the late release of prisoners at Montreal. A statement that Confederate cruisers are hereafter to be attacked in English ports is perhaps the most astonishing exhibition of the concealed lawlessness of the American character. The will of the people is assigned as a sufficient reason for utterly disregarding the acknowledged rights of an equally independent nation. It is not even thought necessary to prove by any legal quibble that the violation of English sovereignty would admit of some plausible excuse. In precisely the same spirit, a landed proprietor might announce his intention of shooting the next trespasser who trampled on his grass, or interfered with his game. Readiness to appeal on all occasions to brute force can only be met by material precautions. It is idle to attempt to silence bluster by argument.

There can be little doubt that innumerable causes of irritation will occur on the Canadian frontier. The Government of Washington formally announces that the exaction of passports is to be most rigorously applied to persons coming from the British provinces. An armed flotilla is to be prepared on the lakes for purposes of possible invasion, and the conflict between contraband traders and Custom House officers will alone suffice to maintain angry feelings on both sides. The Northern Americans, having always claimed exemption from the political and economical laws of nature, will regard smuggling, not as the necessary product of a protective tariff, but as an interference with the supremacy of the national will. They have never understood that trade with blockaded ports is a perfectly legitimate operation, and they will hold their hated neighbours responsible for the irregularities and ingenious devices of smugglers. There is but one way of preventing insult and outrage, and it seems to have been adopted by the Canadian Government. A considerable force, employed to prevent violations of frontier neutrality by Confederate partisans, will at the same time prove that invasion is not to be attempted with impunity. The inhabitants of the United States are generally ignorant of the latent power of England, but they will have no difficulty in counting Canadian Volunteers, and they may perhaps proceed to the calculation that they represent a larger reserve. It is never wise to invite aggression by apparent weakness, especially when it is necessary to deal with the most arrogant of mankind. The measures

which have been taken to satisfy the just demands of the Federal Government, though they are at once just and expedient, involve the danger of encouraging the insolence which will fancy itself triumphant. Every act of courtesy and good faith on the part of the English Government is habitually attributed to cowardice by amiable American commentators; and the redress of any wrong which may have been committed in the St. Alban's affair will produce fresh matter for vituperation.

## AN ANNIVERSARY.

JUST two hundred years ago, according to Mr. Hallam, appeared the first number of the first review ever published. Monday, the 5th of January, 1665, was the birthday of the *Journal des Sçavans*, destined through two centuries to witness the rise and fall of innumerable rivals. The books reviewed in the first number, as we learn from the same authority, were a new edition of the "Works of Victor Vitensis and Victor Tapsensis, two African bishops of the fifth century," and Spelman's Glossary. Besides criticism of new authors, the journal contained necrologies of distinguished men, and accounts of scientific discoveries; it reported the births of double-headed children, the trial of new models of ships, and disputations as to the nature of comets. Before long it encountered the ill to which criticism is heir. Various authors—amongst others, Menage—were so much irritated by this new-fangled instrument of torture that the privilege of publication was withdrawn from its original projector, and it passed into other hands. The first attempt at an English imitation was some seventeen years later, when a publication called *Weekly Memorials for the Ingenious* led a short existence, and then perished from off the earth. Such was the first appearance on the surface of one of the most characteristic modern forms of literature. Its inventor, Dennis de Sallo, showed a high degree of the talent which enables men to find appropriate satisfaction for a want existing, but not yet consciously felt. Like the first introducer of tea into Europe, or the legendary hero who, according to Charles Lamb, blessed the Chinese by the discovery of roast sucking-pig, he "inaugurated" a new era. It now requires a painful effort of the imagination to picture the condition of a reviewless people. We can conceive a man of powerful digestion substituting beer for tea at breakfast. Most people can consent to live in ignorance of the charms of sucking-pig. But the wretch condemned to read no reviews loses one of the chief means of communication with his kind. He falls, by a perceptible gradation of the scale, towards the savage. He is in contact with no conductors to convey to him the intellectual currents of his time. If the deprivation is not painful, it is only because of the absence of a healthy appetite. In fact, the existence of a vigorous periodical criticism is as necessary a sanitary condition of modern literature as the existence of good ventilation is of a house. The incidental inconveniences that result may be compared to the draughts which sometimes kill off invalids in over-ventilated houses. But in literature invalids ought to be killed off. They are, indeed, in the habit of complaining during the process, and weak-minded persons sometimes take up their complaints, and rail somewhat vaguely against the evil spirit of periodical criticism generally. To answer such complaints is not very easy, except indeed, if that be easy, by stating them clearly. They are like the grumbings against steam-engines because they smoke sometimes blackens gentlemen's houses, or against free trade because it has introduced the foot-rot in sheep. The existence of the evil shows a power to be actively at work whose generally beneficial tendency may be proved by a mere statement of its purposes. When once those purposes are appreciated, the relation of the incidental evils to the substantial benefits becomes obvious.

The enormous development which the system of reviewing has received since the foundation of the *Journal des Sçavans* is sufficient proof of its utility. It is, in fact, an essential part of the machinery of modern society. It may be regarded as an illustration of the advantages of division of labour in its application to literature. Every one has been bored by the everlasting story of the pins—of the number of different workmen who combine to make pins' heads, and to sharpen pins' points, and to put the pieces together. If every workman made the whole pin by his unaided exertions, the world would have had to do without pins, and Adam Smith without his happiest illustration. But the consequences of each author depending upon his own powers to provide all his raw material would be more disastrous. In the multitude of books, which it seems as if the world itself would not be able long to contain, the miserable historian or philosopher would be overwhelmed. We have often thought that, as it is, a commission for the destruction of useless documents will soon be as requisite as one for the preservation of records. The Macaulay of a future generation may spend volumes upon the history of a single month, if the pile of materials accumulated does not drive him mad before he gets through it. It might be best to commit boldly to the flames all novels, newspapers, Parliamentary blue-books, and statistical documents which could not establish a special claim to prolonged life. Meanwhile, it is necessary to detach a certain corps of literary pioneers to economize the time and trouble of their brethren by making the investigation once for all. An unfortunate author of 1663 had no means of discovering the value of any book but by reading it himself, or finding some one who had. To go through such a process now would be as hopeless

a task as for a commanding officer to examine personally every soldier in his army. A little organization makes the work easy. It introduces a certain amount of concert into the labours of all writers on given subjects, without which progress would be next to impossible.

These palpable and undeniable advantages were apparently all that were aimed at, in the first instance, by the *Journal des Sçavans*. Its innumerable progeny of weekly, monthly, and quarterly reviews have come to discharge more important functions. The mere diffusion of new intelligence is their least prominent characteristic; from being reporters they soon grew by a natural process into judges, and from judges they became legislators. They succeeded in laying down canons of criticism which affected the development of the public taste; and it is in this capacity that they have been accused by the sentimental school of every variety of harshness and meanness. The ignorance of the *Edinburgh* reviewers who said that Wordsworth was dull and childish, and the brutality of the assault upon Keats in the *Quarterly*, are the staple examples of late years. They are neither of them good for much. Keats was not really "snuffed out by an article"; and Wordsworth would have been none the worse for attending to some of Jeffrey's criticism. If he had known how to take advice, he would not have mixed with some noble poetry so much that no human being ever reads except from a sense of duty. In fact, Wordsworth, whilst hidden in a region sheltered from critics, produced stuff which, as coming from a true poet, is the best proof of the necessity of the critical spur to keep poets up to the mark. If he had lived in London instead of on the shores of Rydal, the "Solitary" and the "Wanderer" could never have been so pitilessly prosy. But, without examining particular cases, the general accusation seems to us to be childish. To say that periodical criticism is, as a rule, unduly harsh is, if anything, the reverse of the fact. Boys at a public school generally think their head-master too much given to flogging. They attribute this peculiarity to a certain bloodthirsty ferocity of disposition inherent in schoolmasters. This is doubtless a natural inference, though we never thought it a philosophical one. If we saw that the boys treated their master's orders with habitual disrespect, we should doubt, in spite of their assertions, whether he flogged them enough. On the same principle, when eccentric authors complain of the bitter tone of criticism prevalent, we doubt, from our observation of results, whether it has been bitter enough. Some sensitive spirits may have suffered; we will trust their words if they tell us so, and hope that their suffering has done them good. But, meanwhile, we can point to a flourishing crop of fools who do not appear to have suffered at all. If the critical acid had been so powerful as is represented, it surely should have checked some of the exuberant harvest of nonsense. So long as there is an unfailing supply of absurdity, its very existence seems a tolerable proof that it has not been laughed at sufficiently. Though you bray a fool in a mortar, we are told, yet will not his folly depart from him; and we may add, what is still more annoying, the braying will not seem to hurt him. He will be just as happy after the operation as he was before. The person against whom the attack is directed is therefore the last to be pitted. He will continue to write things in lines with capital letters at the beginning, and to call them poetry, or to spin out elaborate prophetic twaddle by torturing the language of the Apocalypse, and will only smile with benevolent contempt at our feeble assaults. We can't hurt his self-conceit; if we could, it would be surely the best service we could do to the person most interested by revealing to him

That secret to each fool, that he's an ass.

We find it hard even to hurt his circulation. Occasionally, a writer like Robert Montgomery may be fairly slain in open combat, but there are some reputations that lead a charmed existence in spite of the most dangerous assaults. The complete extirpation, or even the serious diminution, of literary absurdity is doubtless reserved for the millennium which is, or is not, to begin in 1866.

Few people, however, will contend that the exposure of bad taste and writing is too severe habitually. The effect upon rising men of genius, the discouragement to them, and the blunders involved in the estimates formed of their merits, are the stock grounds of declamation. The critic seems, in the imagination of some people, to be a gloomy and nocturnal beast of prey. Under cover of darkness, he assaults and mangles every one who presumes to differ from his own standard. As men of genius are more likely than others to differ from the ancient formulae, they are peculiarly exposed to his attacks. The prospect of running a gauntlet of anonymous-reviewers at weekly, monthly, and quarterly intervals, is supposed to crush mute inglorious Miltons by the score. The answer to this is, first, that, after all, the critic is a man. Moreover, he is a man of rather more than the average intelligence and cultivation. It follows that the present system of criticism produces merely a systematic expression of the average opinion of the more highly educated classes. It is the embodiment, in a fixed form, of the floating criticism that must always permeate society. If a man is ever to publish anything beyond his own narrow circle, it is a great blessing to him to have a court ready to express the common judgment promptly and frankly. A man may occasionally exist of such delicate constitution that he cannot bear to hear what every one thinks of him—that he requires to be sheltered from every rude blast, and reared carefully like a plant in a hot-house. The real difference which the present plan produces is, that he gets decisively in one dose the opinions which would otherwise come strained and filtered to him through a number of different

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channels. He has to take his cold bath at once, like a man, instead of sneaking into it by degrees. There can be no doubt that the effect of the shock is generally healthy. If Keats had really been slain by an article, it would perhaps have been as well that he should take his poison in one dose, instead of collecting it drop by drop. A series of snubs from kind friends would be even more depressing to most men than one public slap in the face. In fact, we doubt whether any one example can be given in which public criticism can really be shown to have produced evils that would not have arisen equally when each man was his own critic. The supposition that the present plan of promulgating critical judgments is to blame for the hardships which may arise from the inevitable necessity of forming such judgments, is an example of a common confusion. It is like saying that men are killed in consequence of the invention of gunpowder. It is true that they are killed more quickly, but they are probably killed more mercifully than when they fought with flint weapons. The argument most frequently put forward to establish the awful iniquity of reviewers, and to account for the moral degradation so marked in this portion of the human race, is their habit of writing anonymously. If every man who writes against another without giving his name may be fairly compared to a secret assassin, the present generation of reviewers is certainly awfully depraved. As anonymous writing is an essential part of their system, there must be something rotten about the system itself. It is clear, however, that there are two sides to the question. The anonymous writer secures his independence. If he escapes a certain quantity of responsibility, he escapes equally a temptation to the worst vice of a critic—dishonest flattery to authors. The objection, in fact, supposes that the cloak is used for dishonest purposes—to shelter malice and fraud more often than to aid a candid expression of opinion. No one who is in the habit of reading reviews or seeing reviewers will believe in the first alternative—in the existence of a superfluous amount of sneaking malevolence issuing by this particular vent. The fact is, that it would be as hard to call upon a man to attack a bad book publicly as to call upon him to vote publicly for members of a club. In neither case is the power of acting secretly generally exercised in a bad spirit, though its action may be occasionally capricious and unfair.

The arguments, therefore, directed against this great power in the modern world are generally mere grumblings against accidental hardships. They vanish when we endeavour to grasp them firmly. The only way of referring any part of them to a philosophical origin is by representing the modern critical apparatus as a grinder in that "social mill" in which, it seems, we are "rubbing each other's angles down." It is the manifestation, in literature, of the force which, according to Mr. Mill, tends now to make all men of the same pattern, and to compensate for a rise in the general level by the rarity of everything that soars above it. It may be contended that criticism establishes a standard of taste which improves the inferior intellects, but is a check to the most energetic. Reviewing is thus considered, not as producing individual hardships, but as a visible and outward manifestation of a force which imperceptibly tends to level society at large. To consider this question would involve a consideration of the merits and weaknesses of our civilization—a subject of some extent. We can only state our impression that an examination of this particular case would go to prove that this general complaint is capable of an answer. We should find that the establishment of an empire of public opinion is, in some aspects, even favourable to vigour and originality. However that may be, we should have established sufficiently the claims of reviewers to the gratitude of the greater part of mankind in identifying their influence with what are called, rightly or wrongly, the most progressive tendencies of the age. An historical review of their achievements in past times would finally confirm their rank as benefactors of mankind. A list of the follies destroyed, of the prejudices overcome, and of the original power brought out in different journals, from the days of the *Journal des Savans* to those of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, would be a record of all the great improvements of two centuries.

#### EXTIRPATION OF NATIONS.

THE *Times* contrived to hit a few days ago on one of the worst historical analogies which we remember ever to have come across. There is a class of articles in that paper with which every one must be familiar—articles which there would be little or no fault to find with if only the first and most eloquent paragraph were cut out. The writer sits down to write on some passing subject of the day, and he possibly writes perfectly good sense about it. But he thinks that his real subject does not supply a fine enough beginning; and so he makes it a point of honour to start with something or other, some historical or scientific allusion, as far off as possible from the thing about which he really means to write. The reader is expected to be kept, while reading the first paragraph, in a state of pleasing suspense as to what the other paragraphs will be about, and to admire the skill with which the writer contrives to connect two subjects which seem to have no possible connexion. The trick is a dangerous one, because the distant allusion with which the article starts is almost sure to contain a positive blunder, or, at the very least, an utterly false analogy. The article now before us is one of the clumsiest of the sort which we ever saw. The subject is the extirpation of the native inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, and in the remarks of

the *Times* on this subject there is nothing to be objected to, except the queer style in which some of them are clothed. But unluckily the writer thought himself bound to usher in this everyday talk with something of a grander sort. He dashes off therefore with a general position about "ancient history," from which certainly no one would infer that what was coming would be about the Tasmanian savages. "Ancient history," we are told, "may properly enough be described as the chronicle of the wars, the triumphs, the glory, and the disappearance of great nations." The sting of course is in the tail; it is not the wars, the triumphs, or the glory, but the disappearance of the great nations which is to afford the means of transition to that disappearance of a small nation which is to form the real subject of the article. It is a very small criticism, but we cannot help asking why the proposed description of ancient history is said to be "proper enough." The description is not given as a quotation, and, as far as we know, the *Times* may claim the sole credit of it. Why then should it be spoken of as "proper enough"—words which would be more in place in a patronizing criticism of a description by somebody else? But we will turn from this to the illustrations which the *Times* gives of its general position:—

It is melancholy to reflect that precisely those races which have most distinguished themselves by their daring, their energy, and their valour are the most irretrievably lost to us, and, while they have left behind enduring and often memorable vestiges of their activity, are themselves nowhere to be found.

We venture to doubt the truth of this assertion. We know no races which are more irretrievably lost than the Zamzummin of sacred and the Caucones of profane history. They are clean gone, as though they had never been; and why? Because, whatever may have been "their daring, their energy, or their valour," they have left us no "vestiges of their activity," whether of the class which are memorable as well as enduring, or of the minor class, which the words of the *Times* imply, which seem to be enduring without being memorable. Of both Zamzummin and Caucones we know the names only; we have not a scrap of the language, not a vestige of the art, of either. And the Zamzummin and the Caucones do not stand alone. Both the Old Testament and the Greek historians supply us with the names, and little more than the names, of many other nations which have altogether vanished, whether they have been actually exterminated like the Tasmanians, or have merely merged their nationality in that of some other people. These nations which are thus irretrievably lost are precisely those which have not distinguished themselves in any way, and which are thus irretrievably lost precisely because they have not so distinguished themselves. Let us, however, hear the *Times* on the other side:—

The great Assyrian race of which we read so much in Scripture, and whose very portraits we can still see in the remains of Nineveh, has disappeared, leaving no living people to remind us of its existence, except the kindred race of the Jews, which it oppressed and made captive. The favourite theory concerning the great Greek race—to which modern civilization owes so much—is that it was exterminated in the reigns of Justinian and his immediate successors. Athens is peopled by Albanians, and a very doubtful tradition assigns a Greek origin to some few inhabitants of the islands. The pure Roman race was almost exterminated in the wars by which it subjugated the world, and its remnant was swamped by the tide of foreigners which inundated Italy in the first two centuries of the Empire; so that it is equally doubtful whether we really see in the Trastevere any relic of the ancient Roman populace.

Having thus piled together its ancient instances, the *Times* goes on:—

Notwithstanding the teaching of ancient history, the extraordinary destruction of the aboriginal natives of the American islands, and especially the extermination by the Spaniards in a few years of the whole population of Hispaniola, was regarded with horror by Europe. It was felt that such things were unworthy of a Christian age and country, and so the good Bishop Las Casas, in the futile attempt to save the American Indians, entailed even greater calamities on the human race by suggesting the African slave trade.

The plain inference is that, in the judgment of the *Times*, this supposed disappearance of the Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans was something so analogous to the extermination of the population of Hispaniola that the experience of one fact ought to have led men to look forward for the other fact, and to look calmly upon it when it did happen. Otherwise what can be meant by saying that, "notwithstanding the teaching of ancient history," Europe looked with horror on the extermination of the people of Hispaniola? The words evidently imply that, if men had rightly understood ancient history—if, for instance, they had had the benefit of the *Times'* expositions of ancient history—they would have looked on the extermination of these poor Indians without horror. We do not in the least see how any such position at all helps the writer in the argument which is to follow, but certainly no other meaning can be got out of a sentence which begins with the word "notwithstanding." Anyhow, the *Times*, for whatever purpose, seeks to establish an analogy between the extirpation of the natives in Hispaniola, and more lately in Tasmania, and its own "melancholy reflection" that Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans are now "nowhere to be found." Now we affirm without the least doubt that no such analogy exists. Neither Greeks nor Romans, nor, we should say, Assyrians either, have been exterminated or have disappeared in any way at all like that in which the natives of Van Diemen's Land have disappeared. Some nations in ancient times probably did perish by very much the same means; our friends the Zamzummin and the Caucones are very likely to have been instances of the process, but most certainly not Greeks or Romans or

even Assyrians. Surely, besides the Jews, there are other nations in the world who may "remind us of the existence" of the Assyrians. Surely there is still a considerable Semitic-speaking population in that part of the world—Chaldees and Syrian Christians and the like—who are at least "kindred" with the old Assyrians, and may very likely be of direct Assyrian descent. But let us take the more important and more interesting cases of the Greeks and Romans. Neither Greeks nor Romans have, in any true sense, either disappeared or been exterminated. If the *Times* means only that the "great Greek race" and the "pure Roman race" nowhere exists in an unmixed state, the position is perfectly true, but it is in no way to the purpose. A people which plays such a part in the world as either the Greeks or the Romans played, disappears, so far as it can be said to disappear, by the very greatness of its own influence. Such a race is not extirpated like the Tasmanians, nor can it be truly said to disappear. It disappears only by its own extension. So large a portion of the world was gradually Hellenized and Romanized, so many foreign nations—subjects, conquerors, disciples of all sorts—gradually adopted the language and manners of Greece and of Rome, that it became impossible to distinguish those who were Greeks or Romans by descent from those who were Greeks or Romans only by adoption. This is not extirpation, nor even disappearance. Neither Greeks nor Romans ceased to exist; only the true Greeks and Romans ceased to be distinguishable among the multitudes of artificial Greeks and Romans. A Greek-speaking man now may be of pure Hellenic descent; he may be only an hellenized Macedonian, Albanian, or Slave. We cannot dogmatize either way unless he can show us every link in his pedigree, Hellenic or non-Hellenic. But the people of Hispaniola and Tasmania are utterly gone; they have left neither descendants nor adopted children. Not a soul for three hundred years past has spoken the ancient language of Hispaniola; three or four living people, it seems, are all who speak the ancient language of Tasmania. But the languages of Greece and Rome are still spoken by millions, with simply those changes which time and intercourse with other nations are sure to bring about in any language. Latin, in its modern forms, French, Italian, and the rest, has so far departed from its ancient shape as to be practically a distinct language, but it is not a dead or extinct language in the sense that the language of Hispaniola, even if it were preserved in an extensive literature, would be an extinct language.

And it is curious to see how oddly local are the writer's ideas of Greeks and Romans. If pure Greeks are not to be found in Greece, if pure Romans are not to be found in the actual city of Rome, the Greeks and Romans are held to be irretrievably lost. As to Greece, no rational person holds that "the great Greek race," the race "to which," as the *Times* condescendingly tells us, "modern civilization owes so much," "was exterminated in the reigns of Justinian and his immediate successors." There seems every reason to believe that a large Slavonic immigration into Peloponnesus took place about the time which the *Times* speaks of, and that the Greek inhabitants of the open country were largely displaced by these Slavonians. But the towns remained Greek, and they gradually re-hellenized the country. But supposing not a Greek had been left in Peloponnesus, that does not prove any extermination of the Greek race; there were Greeks in plenty of other places besides Peloponnesus. In most of the Greek islands, above all, there is not a tittle of evidence to show that the Greek population was ever disturbed at all. It is curious to see how oddly the writer expresses himself on this head. "Athens [he means Attica] is peopled by Albanians, and a very doubtful tradition assigns a Greek origin to some few of the inhabitants of the islands." Besides his ignorance of facts, he cannot express his own meaning. He does not mean to say that "a very doubtful tradition assigns" &c., but that "the tradition which assigns, &c. is very doubtful." As for Rome, it is ridiculous to talk of the "pure race" of a single city, and to look for it in that particular city. If "the pure Roman race" means the descendants of the first settlers on the Palatine, there is no more reason for looking for them at Rome than in any other part of the Roman Empire. But the Romans of history mean those—first Latins, then Italians, then Roman subjects in general—who gradually adopted the Latin language and obtained the Roman franchise. Cicero was no more of "pure Roman race" than Constantine Paleologus.

It would have been a degree more plausible to have hit, not upon the Romans, but upon the Teutonic settlers within the Roman Empire. It is not unlikely that the Goths in Italy really were exterminated during the wars of Belisarius. But the Lombards in Italy, the Goths in Spain, the Franks in Gaul, were certainly not exterminated, though they have disappeared in a sense in which the Roman has not disappeared. That is, the language of the Roman has supplanted theirs. Even in France, where the vocabulary has received a considerable Teutonic infusion, it is merely an infusion; no one would call French anything but a language of Latin origin. In this sense, the conquered Celt and the conquering Frank have alike disappeared in the greater part of ancient Gaul. But neither have been exterminated or irretrievably lost in such a sense as to give the *Times* any opportunity for its false analogy.

This is not the only wonderful thing in the number of the *Times* from which we are quoting. A review, in the peculiar style of the *Times* reviews, of "English Ladies in Albania," tells us that "Theodosius indulged in one of his massacres at Thessalonica." The way in which the writer tells the story reads very much as if

he had read it for the first time in Mrs. Walker's book; he certainly never read it in Gibbon or in any of Gibbon's authorities. According to the *Times*—

A charioteer who had been arrested by the Emperor was very popular with these [the only antecedent word is *Thessalonica*], and the inhabitants were therefore assembled at the Hippodrome under the pretext of witnessing the races, and were then barbarously massacred, &c.

The *Times* omits, and perhaps it was as well that it should, all mention of the crime of the charioteer; but it also omits all mention of the insurrection and the murder of Botheric and the other officers, which was the ground for the barbarous punishment inflicted on the city. The real guilt of Theodosius was black enough, but he did not do anything quite so monstrous as to massacre seven thousand people simply because an imprisoned charioteer was very popular with them. But the whole notion of Theodosius current in Printing-House Square must be of the strangest:—"Theodosius indulged in one of his massacres." It was therefore, it would seem, his favourite amusement to massacre the inhabitants of whole cities, and the case of Thessalonica was only one out of many.

One gem more. Fancy reviewing several numbers of the *North British Review*, which the *Times* looks on as still being, after twenty years of existence, "a new luminary," and winding up with such an apostrophe as this:—

Such are thy works, *North British Review*—worthy works in their way, bringing to light good human deeds and merits, especially Scottish ones, but not the less welcome on that account, for thy spirit is not spiteful, but just and humane, so that thy paths are those of pleasantness. May all success attend thee!

After this, comment would be needless.

#### SPAIN AND PERU.

THE latest news from Peru seems to imply that another small war may before long be added to an existing list already sufficiently extensive. A curious chance has offered to the Peruvians a temptation so strong that flesh and blood in possession of an iron-plated steamer can hardly be expected to resist it. Ships in the New World seem to observe the dramatic proprieties of their position with exemplary care. The *Florida* managed to sink the other day, entirely of her own accord, just when her temporary proprietors most desired it. If it had been done on purpose it could not have been better timed. The Spanish Admiral's frigate has emulated this example by taking fire exactly when it suited the Peruvians. The imitation, indeed, was so far better than the original, that in this case there could be no suspicion of collusion. The frigate was apparently the chief strength of the Spanish fleet occupied in guarding the Chincha Islands. The news of her destruction came in, with great propriety, just as the Peruvians were exercising their little fleet with a view to regaining their stolen property. It seemed probable that they would snatch at the chance offered, before the arrival of expected reinforcements could again secure the Spanish clutch upon the islands. If so, a collision may have taken place, and Spain may be bound in honour to avenge herself upon the revolted colonists, whose independence forty years have not induced her to recognise.

Spain has no need to come to us for lessons on the disadvantages of a petty war thousands of miles from home. We could, indeed, preach some edifying sermons from our experience. But she has just been going through, in her own person, a course of practical instruction at St. Domingo. The resumption there of Imperial supremacy has led to such singularly disagreeable results that we should have expected her to be shy of repeating the attempt. She must have burnt her fingers smartly enough to be rather tender in her grasp of doubtful and distant property. If a quarrel had been actually forced upon her, we might have respected the sense of honour which forbade her to avoid it. But to go out of her way, to be unnecessarily punctilious and exacting, in order to force a quarrel upon a State separated from her by eighty degrees of longitude, is the very height of absurdity. Absurd as it may be, the bluster and the aggression are this time undeniably on our own side of the Atlantic. Spain seems to have placed herself gratuitously in a position which is ingeniously indefensible. The difficulty arose when Peru very naturally declined to accept a "Special Commissioner," instead of a Minister with the ordinary title, inasmuch as the name of Commissioner was intended to mark the non-recognition of Peruvian independence. The Commissioner hereupon ordered the Spanish Admiral to seize upon the Chincha Islands, as a guarantee for certain disputed claims which in themselves presented no difficulty. These masses of manure, which the seafowl have been kind enough to deposit for the benefit of the Peruvian Republic, furnish about a sixth part of its entire revenue. The Admiral, in the first instance, declared the seizure to be intended as a resumption of sovereignty on the part of Spain, and the peace of forty years between the two countries to have been a mere truce. The Spanish Government has since disavowed these pretensions, and admitted that the islands do not belong to Spain, but has been hitherto unable to draw the logical inference that it ought to give them up to their owners. On the contrary, it continues to use its possession of them as a means of extorting from the Peruvians their consent to receive a Commissioner with the obnoxious forms. If they will do so, it offers to hand back the property which it never had the smallest right to take. A proceeding more unintelligible on any hypothesis favourable to Spanish honour cannot be conceived. If

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the Spaniards claimed a right to the islands, preposterous as the claim might be, it was perhaps consistent to send a Commissioner, as to a dependent province. But if they renounce all claims of sovereignty, it is ridiculous to refuse to call a Minister a Minister. It looks suspiciously like a mere pretext for clinging to ill-got gains. The affair was an excellent imitation of piracy at first, and the very thin veil thrown over it by this device does not diminish the resemblance. In fact, it is to all appearance one of those barefaced acts of tyranny in which only a very strong nation can indulge its tastes. England or France might enjoy such a luxury with comparative impunity; the oppressed country would be too wise to make any considerable outcry; but a Power still only third-rate, and not more than civilized, should know better than to imitate the vices of its betters. We sincerely hope that Spain may come to a wiser mind before actual war, and that the Peruvians may be left in peaceable possession of their odoriferous treasures. There probably has never been a case in which war was a more far-fetched remedy for a microscopic cause of quarrel.

The policy revealed by these freaks of Spain, and the consequences foreboded to her former subjects, are remarkable. Spain is waking up slowly from a sleep of many years. Her material progress is said to be equal to that of any European nation. Her natural resources are immense. The country is full, as the American poet puts it, of "desperate rivers running about a-begging folks to dam 'em," and of districts more articulately demanding railroads. It is natural that, with a feeling of returning vigour, she should be anxious to make some display of force recalling her old prestige. Unluckily, her ideas have not received any unconscious modification during the period of suspended animation. She wakes up with a vague impression that everything ought to be exactly as it used to be. She seems to have been dreaming the old ideas over again in her sleep. She accordingly signalizes her first moments of activity by demonstrations not a little alarming. They have every resemblance to a spasmodic attempt at recovering her old possessions. The philosophers who tell us that England should get rid of her colonial Empire as a useless burden might be turned over to Spain with great advantage. So long as there is a vital connexion between the Mother-country and her dependencies, there will always be some evil in severing it; but when the relation has been practically extinct for forty years, the attempt to restore it by force of arms would seem too mad even for a Spanish Ministry. Perhaps their action points to a half-formed intention; it is the stretching and yawning of a country just aroused, before it sees very distinctly the true objects to which its policy should be directed.

It is, of course, lamentable that the first notion of a country making a fresh start in life should be to lay in its little stock of wars. Spain may already describe herself as a nation that hath two wars, and everything handsome about her. It is possible that she may hereafter wish that she had been written down an ass. Meanwhile, she has selected a very inconvenient theatre for this display of military vigour. Peru has indeed a small population, but it is spread over a vast territory, at an immense distance from Spain; and there are few precedents of success in a war carried on under such circumstances. The occupation of Mexico may have been the model that tempted imitation; but, even if the complete success of that expensive piece of benevolence should be admitted, the cases are far from parallel. There does not appear to be that utter disintegration of national government in Peru which should induce the people to accept the first comer because they have no one to put in his place. On the contrary, the national spirit seems to be thoroughly awake. The President is said to be the most unpopular man in the country because he will not order an instant attack upon the Chincha Islands. The neighbouring States have been induced for once to give up their incessant jealousies; and a Congress of their representatives has met at Lima, and is urging energetic measures upon the Peruvian Government. Now any force that Spain could successfully place upon the shores of Peru would be simply thrown away; in a country 1,200 miles in length, and intersected by a range of mountains rising above 23,000 feet, the inhabitants need only sit still to be independent. There are few railroads, and, in fact, few roads of any kind. If the invaders are thoroughly unpopular—and Spanish invaders now seem to have the talent of making themselves hated wherever they go—they can strike no root in the country. They might, at a vast cost, take a few towns, and injure the commerce of the country; as they have begun by appropriating guano, they might proceed to confiscate silver; but it would be a very bad contract to support their army at the price of all the plunder they can wring out of the occupied territory. An intention to settle permanently in the country would, of course, be disclaimed; it could only be induced by that pleasing process of argument called the Logic of Facts. A mere aggressive war, carried on till the Spaniards are heartily tired of it, is the more probable contingency. The only conceivable gain from such a war would be the wrongful possession of the biggest lump of natural manure in the world. Guano would never have been bought at so high a price before. Perhaps it is more likely, in the present disorganized state of Spanish politics, that some means will be found of backing out of this discreditable quarrel. The pleasure with which we should regard the revival of an ancient nation is considerably qualified by the unpleasant temper it displays. If Spain is to become again a power in Europe, it must shake off the traditions of former centuries. It will otherwise have a good chance of exhausting its strength, and losing its character amongst civilized races. We will hope that these quarrels are analogous

to a boy's unjustifiable onslaught upon sparrows and blackbirds, before he is old enough to attack nobler game. They are mere trials of strength, which are very unpleasant for the sparrows, but which do not mark any permanent perversity of nature.

The effect of the war upon Peru is more difficult to anticipate. Peru has of late been endeavouring somewhat to mend her ways. She has begun to introduce railroads, so far as railroads are practicable in a country so infested with mountains, and apparently created for the benefit rather of the Alpine Club than of civil engineers. She has tried to improve her agricultural skill. Moreover, she has been for some years in a state of tolerable political equilibrium. As things go in South America, her government cannot be described as anarchical. The Constitution has not of late been very frequently altered, and we believe that the last President filled his constitutional period of office, and that his successor was duly elected. The President now in office was elevated, by the death of his predecessor, from the Vice-Presidency, according to a provision analogous to that in the United States' Constitution. That this provision should have been complied with, even though the Vice-President was in Europe at the time of the vacancy, and should have caused no attempt at revolution, seems to have produced considerable exultation. Peru may therefore be taken to be a creditable State, after allowing for its geographical position. Whether its Constitution will bear the strain of a war may be doubtful. The President is described as surrounding his house with additional guards, in consequence of his extreme unpopularity; which certainly looks as if the divinity that hedges about a President were not able to give him much sense of security. The probability of war has, however, produced a very uncommon unanimity among the South American States. At the time of their first independence, an attempt was made to hold an American international Congress, which met with small success. The attempt has been once or twice repeated, without much better results. At present, however, it seems that the whole group of republics feel their common danger sufficiently to unite against external pressure. If that pressure should soon be removed, they will doubtless fall asunder again. Meanwhile, it is curious to observe somewhat similar processes taking place at two remote parts of the American continent. In Canada, the dangers anticipated from their Southern neighbours have stimulated our colonies in their effort to form a closer union. In South America, an approximation of discordant elements is brought about by a similar danger. As, however, the United States are much closer and much more permanent neighbours to Canada than Spain is to Peru, the external pressure is proportionably more active. The internal power of cohesion is also infinitely greater. The approximation of the Southern Republics is therefore only a faint reflection of what is taking place elsewhere. Such as it is, it is a step on the road to civilization, and may be one useful result from an occurrence which has no other gratifying aspect.

#### THE REVENUE RETURNS.

FAITH in the elasticity of the Revenue would seem to be not only the highest, but almost the only essential, virtue of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Few Ministers have reduced taxation with more fearless confidence than Mr. Gladstone, and yet the prosperity of the country is always gaining upon him. The amount of taxes taken off during the last year is nearer to three than to two millions, and yet the total income of the State has fallen only from 70,400,000*l.* to 70,100,000*l.* And what has happened in the past twelve months is only a repetition of an old story. Tea, sugar, and a multitude of articles comprised in the French Treaty, have been, within the last few years, admitted either without duty or at a greatly reduced rate. The Paper-duty, and a part of the Insurance duties, have been remitted; the Income-tax has dropped from ninepence to sixpence in the pound; and, after granting all these indulgences, the Government remains as rich as ever. The growth of the revenue has become so steady and continuous that an extra million or two may, in the absence of exceptional calamities, be reckoned on with almost the same certainty as the million and more which every penny of the Income-tax brings in. Three misfortunes only seem to be capable of disturbing this pleasant progress—a bad harvest, a serious war, and a commercial crisis. And a review of the years that have passed since the close of the Russian war would sufficiently prove that the growth of the revenue is too vigorous and healthy to be much deranged even by a partial approach to one of the calamities we have referred to. The harvests of the last two years have been more than ordinarily good, and the revenue has advanced at more than its normal rate; but even the indifferent harvests of two or three successive years failed to interrupt altogether the advance of the national income. Next to a war in which we might be ourselves concerned, nothing could have been more formidable than a conflict which shut us out, in great measure, from our best customers, and from the most important raw material of our manufactures; yet the American war scarcely checked the revenue, which is now improving more rapidly than ever. The extreme anxiety which for several months threw a gloom over the commercial world, was as near an approach as could well be made to a commercial convulsion; but the catastrophe was averted, and the influence on the revenue is scarcely appreciable. A falling-off in the Stamp-duties during the last quarter may have some connexion with the depressed state of the markets, but the broad

result has been almost as favourable during the last three months as in the remainder of the year. How much of this financial progress is due to the normal increase of population and wealth, and how much to the wise liberality of the Legislature, it would be very difficult to say, though it is quite certain that the two influences operate as mutual cause and effect. Growing wealth makes the remission of taxes possible, and the remission itself adds to the abundance out of which the demands of the Exchequer are so easily supplied. As a direct measure of the progress of the aggregate incomes of Englishmen, the improvement in the proceeds of the Income-tax is especially satisfactory. Some uncertainty in the proportion collected within the year makes it difficult to apply this test with exactness immediately after a reduction in the scale of assessment; but it is, at any rate, safe to say that every penny brings in 1,200,000*l.*, which is an improvement of more than 20 per cent. since the early days of the obnoxious tax.

After all reductions, the Customs still bring in 22,500,000*l.*, the loss, as compared with the previous year, being under 700,000*l.* The reduction of the Sugar-duties amounted to 1,700,000*l.*, and, after allowing for the period during which the old scale was in force, the Customs revenue must have recovered in the first year fully one half of the reduction. The Property and Income-tax has produced almost exactly 8,000,000*l.*, some part of which, however, is due to the higher rate which prevailed in the early part of the year. The Post Office has gained 200,000*l.*, and its net revenue is now greater than when the average charge for a letter was more than sixpence—a fact full of instruction which may be applied to other departments of carrying business besides that of the Post Office. But the most striking evidence of the substantial well-being of all classes is the increase of the Excise revenue from 17,700,000*l.* to 19,300,000*l.* People have eaten and drunk more of excisable luxuries in the proportion which these figures indicate, and whether eating and drinking be or be not the end of existence, the extent to which the taste is indulged in is about the best possible gauge of the national wealth.

With so flourishing an account as Mr. Gladstone will have to produce in the spring, it is easy to foresee that he will once more be embarrassed by the difficulty of disposing of a handsome surplus. According to present experience, there will be not less than 3,000,000*l.* available for remission of taxation, and every tax which is specially obnoxious to any particular class will no doubt be duly pressed upon his attention as a fit subject for reduction or abolition. Whether the surplus shall be devoted to the relief of direct or indirect taxation, whether Customs or Excise may come in for the larger share, one thing is certain, that the money set free from Government demands will be left to fructify in the pockets of the people, and thus to prepare the way for still greater relaxations in future years. These pleasant prospects are the fruit of peace and of the financial maxims which have long since become the property, not of a party, but of the nation. There is little room left for the application of free trade when there can scarcely be said to be a fragment of protection left in the Statute-book; but the cognate principle that the easiest mode of raising a revenue is by a taxation so light as to encourage the largest possible amount of production and consumption will still admit of fresh illustrations, and Mr. Gladstone is fortunate in holding office at a time which affords such ample scope for his favourite doctrine.

A comparison of the revenue returns of this country with the financial position of the other great nations of the world would savour perhaps too much of the vein of national egotism to which Mr. Roebuck and some other politicians have accustomed us, but it is impossible not to be struck with some of the contrasts which the figures of the last returns suggest. Our Income-tax, for example, produces 1,200,000*l.* for every penny of assessment, while a tax at a shilling in the pound brings in to Mr. Fessenden no more than 35,000,000 dollars, which, even in nominal amount, is only half what the same impost would produce in England, and in real value, at the present price of gold in American greenbacks, less than one-fifth of the English scale. The inference that the aggregate income of this country exceeds that of the United States in the ratio of five to one might be to some extent erroneous, both on account of the differences in the mode of assessing the tax, and of the possible superiority of the art of evasion on the other side of the Atlantic. Tested by the same scale, the annual burden of the American debt when it reaches the same amount as our own—as it must do, at the present rate of progress, in a year or two—will press upon the country with a severity five times as great as that which we have to endure. The untold wealth locked up in half a continent of unoccupied land will, in the end, no doubt supply the strength to bear almost any financial burden, and the ultimate resource of repudiation may greatly shorten the period of pressure; but, in whatever way the difficulty may be met, it will be long before the United States will be able again to compare either their credit or their freedom from taxation with the lot of those who not long since were commiserated as the most heavily taxed people in the world.

No one can doubt that the same enlightened policy which has done so much for the revenues of England would work in the same direction, though not perhaps on quite so magnificent a scale, in any other community. The country whose revenue, next to that of England, shows the greatest elasticity, is that of France, although the benefit is reluctantly taken out by the people in glory instead of cash. And France is one of the few countries in Europe in which the English maxims of free trade have been fully accepted by the Government in theory, and carried out in practice as far as the rather benighted state of public opinion rendered possible. The report that

a fresh step in the same path is soon to be taken, by the repeal or modification of the French Navigation-laws, is a proof that the Emperor has not lost faith in a specific which has served him so well; and, sluggish as some of the Continental nations are in the matter, there is an evident and increasing tendency to acknowledge the doctrine which has so largely enriched this country, and must in due course establish itself throughout the world. It will be a pleasanter task to speculate on the universal elasticity of State revenues under the influence of a policy which is the growth of our own soil, than to make invidious comparisons between our own well-being and our neighbours' embarrassments; and no true disciple of the Liberal school of finance will be satisfied until he sees all nations sharing in and contributing to the general prosperity which peace and free trade never fail to secure.

#### NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

TO speak disrespectfully of the North Pole would be a mere joke compared to saying anything against the Electric Telegraph. The North Pole has nothing to say about mule twist; its views about "Madapolams" are absolutely *nil*; it does not even say when ice is firm, bears active, or sealskin looking up. But though we subscribe unfeigned assent to the faith that there is but one telegraph, and that Mr. Reuter is its prophet, we have certain heretical ideas as to the historical value of some of his very scrappy scriptures. After watching for some time the influence of telegrams on our daily intelligence, we feel inclined to liberate our soul by pointing out that, by some inscrutable editorship, the very curt, condensed news—as full of fact as an egg is of meat, but, alas, sometimes addled in its very birth—is not that unmingled blessing to the reading public which lecturers at Mechanics' Institutes would have us believe.

When we have a long report by telegraph of a speech delivered the day before at a public meeting some two or three hundred miles away, or in some foreign Parliament still further off, we have the undoubted pleasure, and what may be in some cases the great advantage, of full and speedy communication of interesting or important news. Also, in time of war, the telegraph, by even sending bare facts, may save us from great harm or great cost. But does the telegraph, as now used to transmit the tidings of American and Continental events, conduce to the correct and complete understanding of the history of the time? It can tell us distinctly enough that Mr. Lincoln is elected; it can assert, without truth, that Savannah is taken; it could, in the olden time, tell the tale of the Tartar which imposed on Emperors and Prime Ministers for some days; but it certainly does nothing beyond giving us bare facts. It fails to give the bearings of the news; it furnishes no explanations; it does not reveal the sources of its reports; it does not indicate the origin of its rumours. When news arrived in the olden time, the letter that brought a startling fact generally also brought the explanation. For instance, we now read that Hood or Thomas has crossed the Chattahoochee, and there the news stops; while the correspondence would have given us, at the same time, an indication of the importance of the river in the general campaign. Of course, Jones going down to the City knows that the Chattahoochee is crossed two or three days before he would have learned it in the pre-Reuterian days; and he can bewilder Smith by adding "Very important!" when he tells it to him on the top of the omnibus. But it is doubtful whether a full explanation accompanying the fact at the time of its announcement—even though the announcement came a few days later—would not be better for Jones, though less bewildering to Smith, than the mere fact served up very fresh, not to say raw. It may be urged that a day or two after the first tidings we now have, from the pens of "able editors," very ample explanation—which is generally as consoling as the answer to a half-forgotten riddle "in our last number," or the study of a map at your lodgings after you have lost your way in a new town. But the grace after meat of the explanation is very often unread, coming, as it does, after the subject itself is stale. The American news besides has one charming peculiarity which must be a great blessing, though only to those who can understand Bradshaw. The steamer starts from New York, let us say, on the 1st; in summer it calls at Halifax on the 3rd, and gets United States news by telegram to that very day; touching at Queenstown, it thus brings us news up to the 3rd, and its telegram communicates it. But, when the letters and papers brought by that vessel are published, we find that they say not a word of the two days' later news sent *via* Halifax, although the popular impression is that the papers brought by each steamer amplify its telegraphed intelligence. Thus, for instance, on Monday, we get telegrams of the 1st and 3rd; on Tuesday or Wednesday we receive details in full of the news up to the 1st; on Saturday we have new telegrams to the 9th, and full details of the news of the 2nd and 3rd—six and seven days old. Now there are journalists who keep these things in view, and who serve out the news with systematic care; but the vast majority of the newspaper writers of England ignore primogeniture, and the new-born tidings put the old out of joint. We do not believe that any siege, or battle, or death, or great change is dropped out of the record, but a thousand significant facts are pushed aside because they happen to linger on their way, and to be overtaken by more striking intelligence. We do not know that anything in the world would be more injurious to an unsophisticated simple-minded man than to confine him for a few months to an undiluted diet of telegrams. Whether he would mentally lay soft eggs—as hens kept

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from gravel are said to do—we leave for Mr. Forbes Winslow to determine, but we certainly should not like to “travel over his mind.” His idea of events would be like Chinese drawing—angular, crowded, with no perspective. In the telegrams, an article in the *New York Herald* occupies generally as many lines as a letter from Mr. Seward (and though both may be equally indecent, the scurrility of a Secretary of State is surely more grave, and should be given at greater length), while a battle in Tennessee occupies a position in the jerky narrative equal to that accorded to a speech by the Sibthorp of Congress. All this, reflected in the reader's mind, is not calculated to give him a very true idea of the proportion of facts.

Of course, the evil is, to a great extent, inevitable. People will have their telegrams as they have hot rolls for breakfast, and will swallow them, whether they can digest them or not; and any emphatic protest would savour too much of Porson's sublime anathema—“Damn the nature of things.” But let us not be continually told of the immense advances made by our purveyors of intelligence, when in fact, in many cases, we have curt, confused messages sent at lightning speed, instead of the slow delivery of intelligible accounts. “We don't travel now,” said Thackeray, “we arrive at places”; so we don't now get narratives, we get facts flung out in short sentences, and very often with the stops put wrong. The other day we had the first seven words of the paragraph in Mr. Lincoln's Message referring to the recognition of belligerent rights by neutral nations, added on to a financial paragraph, making it read that the national debt would not be beyond the national resources “if it were now a new question”—not an impossible Lincolnism, but on this occasion due to the transcriber. While admitting the unavoidableness of this brief and hurried transmission of intelligence, we still do not see why the gentlemen employed by Mr. Reuter at Queenstown should not know something of American affairs. Could not our news be even slightly sub-edited? Would it be too much to ask them to indicate, for instance, that when the *New York Daily News* praises Mr. Davis, it does not indicate the changing allegiance of the North; or that the attacks of the *Richmond Examiner* on their President do not imply the discontent of the people of the South. If these gentlemen also had access to a gazetteer and an atlas, and to some lists of Confederate and Federal generals and statesmen, we might be spared some most ludicrous mistakes, and the public, reading as they run, might understand what they read. Similar simple precautions might be taken as regards Continental news. Then, if we are still put on short commons, we may be able to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what is put before us. We must, of course, still have our editorial explanations a day or two after the fact; but, at all events, we might have them straightforward and clear. At present they too often excite readers to try to understand them—and “that way madness lies.” Here let us say a short prayer for the mental repose of the man who, after carefully reading the telegrams during Sherman's late march, relied for information on the gentleman who does strategy and geography for the *Times*. His confusion must have been literally worse confounded. He learned that Port Royal is west of Savannah, that the Savannah is navigable for four hundred miles from its mouth, that the Ogeechee is one of its tributaries, and that “battalions” of Confederate artillery impeded the Yankee march; and on these great discoveries the *Times* based its assurance to its readers that Sherman could hardly “escape.” Here, then, is the national diet—Mr. Reuter first, *Times* leading articles to follow. Is it surprising that we should find the public rather bewildered on these topics, when the mince-ment of telegrams and such “fine confused feeding” (as Sydney Smith's Scotchman said of calves' head) constitutes their daily meal? The time may come when common sense will suggest that important American and Continental State papers and speeches deserve transmission in full over the wires quite as much as dull speeches by eminent politicians in country towns.

It may be said that these evils only attach to the daily press; that we can no more think of giving up our telegrams than our *Bradshaw*, although both are unintelligible; and that hurried editors are not bound to be correct. But if we fall back on the weekly press, are we much better off? We say nothing of a weekly paper which professes to be nothing but a commentary on the facts of the week; but there are still weekly newspapers in London, and it is certainly not too much to say that they do not supplement the deficiencies or clear up the obscurities of the daily press. To make the matter clear by one illustration emphatic enough to all habitual newspaper readers—is there in London at the present day a single weekly newspaper giving the news of the seven days with anything like the correctness and completeness of the *Spectator* of, say, ten years ago? We can put the question without the least offence to our contemporary, as now conducted, because its old plan is changed, and it almost adopts the position of a review. Some very low-priced weekly newspapers there are of enormous circulation, filled with a hodge-podge of murders and sensation scandal, and going to press on Thursday with an impression dated Sunday; these depend entirely on cheapness and puffing for their success. There are others less discreditable, but still nothing but a mere medley of paragraphs and articles that even a judicious pair of scissors would refuse to cut out. We took up one of these weekly papers of last week—a newspaper in all its features throughout—professing to give the intelligence of the seven days ending December the 31st, and sold too at what the penny newspapers call a “high price.” Our readers will remember that during these seven days there was, as

many thankfully noticed, a complete lull in the Capetown and Colenso war; that had been disposed of at length in the news of the previous week. What was our surprise then to read in this weekly paper, giving last week's news, the following paragraph:—

**BISHOP COLENZO AND THE BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN.**—Some commotion has been created in ecclesiastical circles in consequence of a statement which has been made on the part of the Bishop of Capetown, that the Judicial Committee of Privy Council has been made by statute a court of appeal for the Church of England, but that it is not so for the Church in South Africa; and that the letters-patent of the African bishops really exclude the Privy Council, making appeals to lie, if anywhere, to Canterbury.

The beauty of this can hardly be understood unless our readers bear in mind that the whole case had been argued, and the arguments concluded, ten days before, and that the learned counsel representing the Bishop of Capetown had maintained at great length the points thus attributed to “a statement” on the part of the Bishop. Publishing this paragraph prominently as news, one would think that the journalist, instead of thus putting in queer guise the sum of a long legal argument reported at great length the week before, had picked up, as clerical gossip from some private friend, a new declaration by the Bishop of Capetown. If this rather confusing practice had been in vogue some months ago, we should have read, about ten days after the close of the Schleswig-Holstein debate:—

Some commotion has been created in political circles in consequence of a statement which has been made on the part of the Government, that England does not intend to interfere in the Schleswig-Holstein war, but that, if the Germans bombard Copenhagen, we may be called upon to act.

Such a paragraph would have been exactly as neat and appropriate in a weekly journal issued ten days after Mr. Disraeli's defeat as the paragraph of ecclesiastical news we have quoted above from a paper generally considered respectable, if, unfortunately, unintellectual to an extreme degree. It is thus pretty clear that the Paterfamilias who reads carefully the telegrams of the daily press, and falls back on his Sunday papers for the whole news of the week, will not rise from their perusal a much wiser man. For now-a-days the daily newspaper, giving its telegrams hot and hot, has absorbed much of the public interest formerly reserved for the old Saturday or Sunday newspaper, carefully edited and carefully read; and hence the gradual dying out of a very useful institution—the well-written weekly budget of news. English periodical literature has not even the Continental substitutes represented by the summary of public events given with each number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, nor does the *Annuaire* connected with that publication find any rival in the English press. We almost content ourselves with announcing news, or commenting on it; do we not also want well compiled records of events?

That the reliance on telegrams also damages the provincial press is obvious enough, but in that case the effect defective comes partially by another cause. The local news is given at such enormous length, increasing in bulk every day, that the reader has sometimes not more than a column or two of general news; and he finds the trial of Mary Ann Smith for stealing a carrot given at three times the length of President Lincoln's Message. This local swelling to the injury of Imperial topics is, however, another question; it chiefly affects us now as showing that, even more than people in town, provincial readers are left to the tender mercies of Mr. Reuter's clerks, and country editors do not condescend to give them even the benefit of blunders about the Ogeechee. We do not like to propose a Royal Commission to investigate the whole question, for the present Government appeals to the “right trusty and well beloved” on even a whispered hint; but if an idle lord or two and a few barristers were, as is the custom, sent about the country to sound the depth of popular ignorance on Continental affairs and the American war, we fear they would find that a course of telegrams has seriously injured the national intellect.

#### MR. BROWNING AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

IS the *Edinburgh*, our venerable and distinguished contemporary, behind or before the age? This obviously delicate question, although we hear it asked not less than four times every year, is one which we have, in general, forbore to meddle with. But in its number of last October the *Edinburgh* presented us with an article on Mr. Browning's poetry, and on Mr. Browning himself, which, both by the attitude throughout assumed by the writer, and by certain critical frailties that we shall have to point out in his performance, puts the above dilemma so forcibly before us that it is impossible, as a piece of our literary functions, not to bring the case under the eyes of our readers. Having done this, our part will have been fulfilled, and we shall leave to them the task of deciding.

We shall not, of course, attempt here any estimate of Mr. Browning's place in poetry. The opinion of this journal has been already more than once expressed on the subject, and, in common with the great majority of critics, we have recognised his keen intellectual insight, high moral purpose, depth and tenderness in delineating human passion, and singularly vivid faculty of painting in words—those qualities, we presume, which, to the “amazement” of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, have rendered it “vain to deny that he has won for himself an influence among readers of poetry second only to the Laureate.” We have also endeavoured to do justice to the novelty and force of the themes selected by the most original of contemporary poets;

whilst the fact has not been concealed that Mr. Browning anticipates much too often that his readers will be not only as cultivated, but as intelligent as himself, and has never aimed at a mass-popularity; nay, that, like all writers of a subtle cast of mind (Shakespeare and Shelley are examples), he is apt to entangle the reader in labyrinthine thoughts and verbal perplexities. We have recapitulated these points simply for the sake of clearness; for there is no reason why the most fervent of Mr. Browning's admirers should formally undertake his defence against a critic who appears totally incapable of understanding him.

The accepted canons of literary criticism prove (whether this journal has carried them out successfully or not) that this is the only fair and intelligent manner of judging a poet. For what is a poet, *ex vi termini*, but a maker of new things, a creator of fresh forms? His first demand on us is that we should judge of his poems as works of art, as unities. To this all criticism of details must be subordinate. If he has succeeded in moulding his ground-idea into a poetical whole, he has succeeded, so far, in his poem. Should the ground-work lie far away from ordinary experience, whether in time or in the passions involved, his readers will be proportionally limited in number. This has been eminently the case with Keats, Shelley, and Browning. But it would argue no common dulness or complacency of self-conceit if readers complained of a poem because its subject presupposes a greater quickness of mind, or a wider range of experience, than they may happen to possess. On the contrary, poetry, especially in an age like ours, hardly fulfils its purpose better than when it makes us enter vividly into the past or the remote—when it leads us to exercise our minds, and gives us that best and highest of pleasures which involves self-exertion. The reader of poetry needs not to be reminded how signally Mr. Browning has accomplished these purposes. They are the cause, we repeat, of that influence which makes our poor puzzled critic "confess his amazement." Another sort of confession, our readers will find reason to think, might have been more appropriate.

Opposed to that criticism on poetry which, following the natural laws of the art, goes from the greater to the less, from the whole to the parts, ever mindful that originality is the first of a poet's gifts, and that "this airy and holy thing," as Plato called him, must be judged by no arbitrary canons—radically opposed to criticism such as this is that bad kind which, except amongst people "crystallized," as Mr. Lewes calls it, before 1830, is almost identified with the names of Mr. Gifford and Lord Jeffrey. Of course we do not mean to imply that these, in many ways justly, distinguished critics never looked at their art in a larger spirit, or that they were even conscious of the futility of their general method. Their error was that, being men of essentially limited poetical taste, they applied to poetry the canons which they applied to politics. This was just as if an astronomer should study physiology with a quadrant. The method could end only in failure. Will any one contend that our judgment is exaggerated, who remembers that not one of the poets of the first class who appeared during the dictatorship of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* was, to the best of our belief, recognised as such by both reviews?—that two or three of the very highest never received such recognition at all?—that the dubious honours of their unqualified praise were almost reserved for versifiers who are now with *Davus* and *Mævius*? We do not mean to blame the writers for not foreseeing the whole greatness of those poets. He must be a very wise man or a very silly one, much before his age or much behind it, who delivers a prophecy on the absolute future of a work of genius. But we do mean that to be deaf to music, blind to beauty, careless of the total effect aimed at, and only capable of sneers at details, is a decisive proof of what medical science would term congenital incapacity for poetical criticism. We point to Lord Jeffrey's oracular deliverances upon Wordsworth, to the malignities on Tennyson in the rival review— which, though published after the first editor's death, have been always ascribed to one of his ablest coadjutors—and feel, with the lovers in Dante, that "nothing more need be said this day."

Curious as is the logic of the *Edinburgh Reviewer's* opening sentences, at any rate they leave us in no sort of doubt under which school of criticism he ranks himself:—

If the shades of Jeffrey and Gifford were to appear among us and to survey the poetic literature of the present generation, they would feel a stern satisfaction and self-congratulatory delight at the remembrance of the hard-handed castigations which they had inflicted on the young poets at the commencement of this century.

The reader naturally expects that this "stern satisfaction and self-congratulatory delight" will be founded on the hallucination into which we might imagine these venerable shades falling, that those "hard-handed castigations"—forbidden, alas, to their ghostly state—had been successful in crushing Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge. We are glad to state that the disembodied critics are likely to take a much humbler view of the value of their articles. They will be gratified, we are told, by learning that the newest generation of poets despises their "canons" even more profoundly than the elder:—

For a style of poetry more at variance with the canons of criticism then recognised than that in which it is now the ambition of most of our poets to express themselves, is hardly conceivable. Even the chief offenders of those days would refuse to recognise their own offspring in many of the most belauded poetic flights of the present time, which frequently unite an affected simplicity with such tortured, artificial, and foppish vagueness of expression and fantastic flimsiness of ideas, that it is generally a labour of infinite pain to extract from them the little meaning they possess. Indeed, the age now appears to be ripe for some "Theory of the Obscure," which, like Pope's

famous "Treatise on Bathos or the Art of Sinking in Poetry," might be copiously illustrated from the works of contemporary poets, and afford at least a warning to the young aspirant for the honours of verse. For such a book Mr. Browning's volumes would form an inexhaustible mine of examples.

Now, when those who know Mr. Browning's poems are aware that what we have above quoted composes the beginning, main substance, and end of the Reviewer's estimate of one who, he directly adds, "it were in vain to deny, has won at length for himself an influence among readers of poetry second only to the Laureate," and who presently is saluted with a shower of that kind of praise which feels like the butter-boat down one's back, they will possibly think the Reviewer's modest initial "If" unnecessary, and may conclude that the "shade of Jeffrey" himself, although in a state of grievous attenuation, has communicated the article through an American rapping-table to the editor. Something, however—who knows?—of the old Judge's *vidua vis* may have disappeared in the process. We can hardly else account for phrases such as, "we will not separate from this poem without quoting"; "progressing from hence"; something about being "compelled to look at a drama through a pair of horn-spectacles" (which is like taking a telescope to observe New Year's Day); "lovers prepared to go lengths in the demonstration of their affection which we hardly like to contemplate"; and other similar elegances—might we say, transatlanticisms?—of language. Feeble, mamby-pamby sentiment is again, it is well known, a constant concomitant of "spiritualistic" literary manifestations. To this weakness, at which the robust mind of the original Jeffrey would have laughed, we venture to ascribe it that, when his personator reaches the famous forest scene in *Pippa*, the description of Lazarus by the Arabian physician *Kharashish*, and the *Death in the Desert* of Mr. Browning's last volume, he finds them all indecent or irreverent—shocking, we presume, to the sensitive spirit-modesty.

Leaving, however, this conjectural ground, we will try to give such an idea of the method of our Jeffrey Redivivus as shall explain why we think him worth examining. It is not to be understood that he altogether ignores Mr. Browning's merit. Here and there, indeed, he makes a vague attempt at grasping the subject of a piece, failing where it is not of the simplest character, but more often contenting himself with some indefinite word of compliment, and letting us carefully know that he "by no means concurs in the exaggerated praises which have been heaped upon" such a poem as *Evelyn Hope*. Of an attempt to judge the poet's genius as a whole, of poetical discrimination, there is no trace. It is a sufficient proof of the last assertion, that he supposes Browning to resemble Emerson. The poet's works are submitted to a kind of bit-by-bit process, interspersing two or three lines of verse with a paragraph of prose, in which the writer perfectly accomplishes his purpose of making us feel the whole difference between the style of Mr. Browning and the style of an *Edinburgh Reviewer*. One is allowed to see throughout that he is half ashamed to have to review such an author at all, and that if he had not, as he is pleased to say—in both senses of the word, impertinently—"a sincere respect for what we know of Mr. Browning's character," he would, in fact, never have thought him deserving of the notice he has bestowed upon him. Everywhere we find him warning Mr. Browning that this or that is quite wrong, and informing him how (on pain of being told that "his works are deficient in the qualities we should desire to find [in?] them"), he ought to have composed poems which are among the most finished and deeply conceived in our modern literature. Thus, in the *Last Duchess*—a page long since placed near Mr. Tennyson's *Ulysses* by the admirers of exquisite poetical characterization—Mr. Browning's main aim or idea was to set forth an historical fact, the security of insolence and lust reached by one of the Italian tyrants of the Sforza breed. That the Duke should speak in accordance with such a nature is precisely what the *Reviewer* picks out as "very unnatural." In his *Kharashish*, again, the poet describes how an Arabian physician, who has met with Lazarus after his restoration to life, speculates and wonders at the miracle. On this the comment is—

The description of Lazarus, and of his three days' experience of the world beyond the grave, is the reverse of natural; which, we imagine, is precisely what readers who believe in the miraculous would expect to find it.

A critic must assuredly be greatly before or greatly behind his age who now-a-days can venture to assume this style. We doubt whether, even in Jeffrey's time, it would have been quite admissible, and must rather look back to the golden period when the relations of literature to the public were expressed by the position of poet and patron. Generally, however, our critic's aim is to bring as much as he can venture of Browning's poems within the limits of that "theory of the obscure" as illustrations of which his primary purpose is to treat them. A number of specimens are quoted to support the theory. The majority of these appear to us perfectly clear. We are sure they would not afford a moment's difficulty to any average schoolboy of poetical taste; and even in the entire absence of it, there is nothing which common power to understand English should fail to comprehend. In one case, the critic—who gives us his oracular decision about the drama, as about everything else in or out of his way—is staggered by a graceful but obvious bit of by-play between Strafford and Lady Carlisle. In another, he is unable to comprehend how a window can be opened from the outside. The *Ride to Air*, again, is one of the author's most popular pieces. We have met with it in a child's collection. And it would be thought a con-

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ceited puppy of a child who should pretend that it was "utterly spoiled" by Mr. Browning's abhorrence of lucidity," find it "fatal to its general success" that the poet has not mentioned the specific news which was carried, or proceed, in place of enjoying these brilliant verses, to put to his mother such questions as—

If "Dirck" is "he" in the first line, why should he not be "he" in the second? Why did not Roland's rider put his riding-gear in good order before starting?

And then the critic goes on to complain that some one who asked in *Notes and Queries* "what all the galloping is about," got no answer. Has this writer never heard of poetical invention? Does he confound a poem with a despatch-box, or think that Mr. Browning should have described the ride in the spirit of a Foreign Office messenger? But we are ashamed to weary the reader with such ineptitudes.

*Sordello*, however, is the Reviewer's greatest perplexity. In finding this poem obscure, he is for once in complete agreement, we believe, with all the world, Mr. Browning included; who, when reprinting this vague though gorgeous youthful sketch, has acknowledged its many faults of expression, and explained why he thought it profitless to try to rectify them. The *Edinburgh Reviewer*, after giving an outline of the preface in which no trace of this acknowledgment appears, proceeds to quote a passage from the Fifth Book. And we at once admit, with him, that to this, as it stands, "we are unable to give any meaning whatever." Yet, difficult as the task may seem in the case of such a critic, we are not without hopes that we can here do a little to remove what he very properly calls "the peculiar character of its obscurity." For if he will turn again to the passage alluded to (page 404 of the edition which he professes to be using), by careful scrutiny he may discover that, before the first line of his quotation, come five lines and a half, separated from his first line by a comma, and containing the general proposition of which what he has quoted is the exemplification. If even this process fails in removing "the peculiar character of its obscurity," we will aid him by furnishing an exact parallel. Should he find some brother critic complaining of the obscurity of Milton, and incapable of "giving any meaning whatever" to the single passage—

Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe;

or vainly trying to paraphrase the isolated line,

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit;

we almost fancy that he may at last, for his own perplexity, find one plausible solution. And we hope no "good-natured friend" will ever be impertinent enough to supply him with another.

We have now given our readers materials enough to judge of this writer's capacity for poetical criticism. Accuracy in plain matter of fact is a much humbler portion of the critic's task, no doubt, than the compounding of epithets and the utterance of oracles. Yet the world has a habit of expecting correctness of statement, even from the most capable of poetical reviewers. We will test that of the writer before us by a single paragraph. Before proceeding to a final verdict against Mr. Browning's merits as a dramatist, he describes the theatre of thirty years ago, when the "tone and pathos of real tragic feeling" (whatever the "pathos of feeling" may be) were alive, and the stage "had not yet become the thing which it now is":—

Great, then, was the expectation of those in the secret when it was known that Mr. Macready had undertaken to bring out at *Drury Lane* a play called *Stratford*, by Mr. Browning—an expectation doomed to disappointment; for *Stratford* was as complete a failure as was the *Blot in the Scutcheon*. *King Victor and King Charles*, and *Colombe's Birthday*, were played subsequently at the Haymarket, but none of them succeeded in interesting the audience.

Now here are at least four palpable blunders. "The expectation of those in the secret" of *Stratford* was certainly "doomed to disappointment," for it was at Covent Garden that the drama was performed. *King Victor* was not "played at the Haymarket," nor did it fail "in interesting the audience," for the best of all reasons—it was never played at all. And for the critic's most emphatic instance, the "complete failure" of *Stratford*, let us respectfully direct his attention to the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1837, page 132, where he will find the following words, given in explanation why the article on *Stratford*, which they open, was written:—

This is a play which, aided by the exertions of Mr. Macready and one or two more of the most noted actors of the day, has had a considerable success on the London theatre this year. Low as the condition of our national stage at present is, this favourable run of a simple historical play . . . is a phenomenon to which we feel ourselves called upon to attend.

Were the "shade of Jeffrey" to appear among us, we are almost afraid that the unlucky Reviewer of 1864 would be the first victim on whom he would long to bestow one of his "hard-handed castigations."

Now, leaving to the discrimination of our readers—those especially who may be induced by our brief sketch to turn to the great original—the answer to that inquiry with which we started, let us, in concluding, deprecate altogether the idea that our remarks have been inspired by anything except a spirit of the sincerest goodwill to our respected contemporary. Vexed and surprised as we are to find such a paper within the ancient blue and yellow covers, yet, considering the inevitable difficulties and accidents of conducting a review, we are gladly disposed to give the worthy editor the benefit of a conjecture that the offender may have slipped in by mere oversight. The fact that it appeared in the

Recess number of the *Edinburgh* may be thought perhaps to support this partial palliation of what, in all seriousness, we must take leave to call the most complete literary *fiasco* which any of our Quarterlies have perpetrated for very many years. No Review, it must be owned, can now hope to make or mar a poet's fortunes after the fashion of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* in the days of Jeffrey and of Gifford. Nor, amongst other causes, is it difficult to find the main reason of this. As poetical arbitrators, they died of Jeffreyism and of Giffordism.

The oracles are dumb:  
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:—

Yet at times, it would appear, some Pythoness "shade of Jeffrey," puffed up with the dregs of the original *afflatus*, may be found "humming" pompously about the shrine—her face, in Mr. Browning's phrase, wearing

That hateful smirk of boundless self-conceit

which makes her take for oracles what to the world at large seem ravings. When this occurs, our leading question is pressed irresistibly upon all intelligent readers of the *Edinburgh*.

#### THE DUBLIN MEETING.

NO people except Irishmen would have selected the present moment for asking for such a concession to the Roman Catholics as the abolition of the Irish Establishment. Even under the most favourable circumstances, the enterprise is a formidable one to undertake. Taken strictly by itself, the Irish Church is probably not attractive enough to count a very numerous body of well-wishers. It appears to combine, in happy proportions, the lowest bigotry of the Scottish Free Church with the laxest view of clerical duty that was prevalent in England fifty years ago. But, though not attractive, it is, like the negro, irrepressible. No blow can be aimed at it which does not glance off at two other institutions of unquestionable vitality and resisting power. One of them is Protestantism, and the other is the landed interest. The landowners, besides their general objection to change of any sort, have a particular dislike of changes which involve the transference by Act of Parliament of large landed estates from one body to another. Nor is their objection removed by the plea that the estates of the Irish Church were improperly obtained three hundred years ago; for an investigation of titles running back to the Reformation is not exactly the ordeal upon the result of which our great landowners would like to stake the tenure of their properties. The argument, frequently used to appease their fears, that the rights of individuals and the rights of corporations stand upon a different footing in regard to the question of confiscation, is not likely to be very serviceable in a political point of view. It will only summon a new ally to the aid of the Irish Church—the powerful contingent which the corporations can send into the field; for there is no political principle which they hold in a more thorough abhorrence than the doctrine that their property is held by a less secure tenure than the property of individuals. Nor is this the only alliance on which the inevitable institution can rely in case of real danger. The "No-Popery" feeling is burning very low at present, but it is not extinguished, and the passionate efforts of a Church Establishment in its agony would easily fan it into as fierce a flame as in the days when controversy was at its hottest. It will be an evil day for religious peace when it shall become the interest of a large and powerful body of men to re-awaken to all its old force the bigotry which still breathes in the minds of the English middle class, and which in Scotland can scarcely be said even to slumber. These are the normal difficulties of the undertaking. But at this present moment, which these zealous Irishmen have selected for commencing it, they have to contend with the Pope's Encyclical as well. They are asking England to encounter an agitation likely to be almost revolutionary in its violence, in order to smooth the path of a Church which loudly repudiates "modern progress and civilization."

The Encyclical has, perhaps, deprived this new Irish association of the significance it might otherwise possess. The Irish Establishment is the weakest place in our present institutions, and would furnish, in ordinary times, a good cry for the commencement of a thoroughly organic agitation. But though this is probably the object on which the Roman Catholic Church dignitaries set the most store, it is not the one that lies nearest to the hearts of the peasantry to whom they are appealing to furnish the sinews of war. Accordingly, the question of the Irish Church occupied a small proportion of the speeches at the Dublin meeting. The divines, who were the longest speakers, gave themselves up to discussing the question of tenant right. Their part was a difficult one to play, which may account for the oratory having been of a much less lively kind than is usual at Irish meetings. It was hardly consistent with the Pope's doctrines, so recently put forth, to preach anything that could savour of sedition; and, on the other hand, they had to outstrip the Fenians and other secret societies, who have been taking the monopoly of demagogism out of ecclesiastical hands. They had to maintain two characters which did not fit together—that of the patriotic conspirators of the days of Daniel O'Connell, and that of dutiful children of the aged champion of legitimacy in St. Peter's chair, who has so recently gone into hysterics over popular movements in general. The result was that all the fury was expended in vague declamation, and the practical measures that were suggested were of the mildest

kind. They were, as might have been expected, utterly inadequate to remedy a tenth part of the evils which were described in the oratorical portions of the speeches. The theory appears to be that the Irish population is emigrating, and the towns decaying, that mills are not built, and bogs are not drained, because there is no compulsory compensation for improvements made by tenants at will. The tenants are all impatient to improve their lands, burning to expend capital upon them, dying to add twelve millions to the national income; but they do not give effect to their laudable ambition, because the law will not force their landlords to pay them a fair return. It is very obvious to ask why they do not mention this little difficulty before they take their farms, and refuse to take them unless the landlord will make an agreement that shall force him to compensate them for any true improvements. There are many parts of England where the custom of giving leases does not prevail; but if any landlord were to take advantage of this to act inequitably by his tenants at will, he would soon find it impossible to get a solvent tenant. If this is not the case in Ireland, there can be but two explanations of the difference. Either the applicants for farms are far more numerous than the farms which are to be had, or the farmers do not really care about compensation, because they have not any genuine desire to improve. Both branches of the alternative are probably true. Emigration will remedy the first difficulty, but the second is more hopeless. It discloses the incurable sore which lies at the bottom of the whole grievance. What the peasant really wants is not compensation, but a restraint upon eviction, which the provisions of the ordinary tenant-right Bills would practically involve. He remembers that the land is the same as that upon which his sept once squatted without molestation, and he desires to squat there too, without being turned out for not paying his rent. In other words, he desires a title to the land a good deal larger than a mere tenancy, and that is, of course, what the landlord will not give.

Mr. Bright made his appearance at the meeting, not in the flesh, but in the spirit—that is to say, in a letter, in which he made two notable proposals. The first was, that the new Association should raise the cry of “Free Church and Free Land.” A young gentleman who is of opinion that his father gives him an inadequate allowance might as well raise the cry of “Free Banker’s Balances.” “Free Church” is to mean that the Church is to be stripped of the property belonging to it; and “Free Land,” it is to be presumed by analogy, must mean that the same service is to be rendered to the landowners. A transference of ownership from those who have to those who have not appears to enter necessarily into every definition of freedom which Mr. Bright is able to give. But he proceeds, in his second proposal, to explain the process by which, as he puts it, “the Irish people may become the possessors of the soil of Ireland.” It is by “breaking down the laws of primogeniture and entail.” Surely Mr. Bright was passing a quiet drab-coloured sort of joke upon his Irish friends. The law of entail has been made perfectly innocuous by the Encumbered Estates Act, and few practical statesmen will be likely to recommend any further change. But by what conceivable chain of reasoning has Mr. Bright arrived at the idea that a change in the present law of entail would bring the soil of Ireland into the possession of the Irish people? The law of entail enables a landowner who happens himself to be tenant in fee, within very narrow limits, to give to a person yet unborn the remainder of his estate. He is thus, under some circumstances, enabled to tie it up during the tenancy of a spendthrift successor, who, but for that law, might have been free to part with his estate. But landowners are not invariably ruined men, and, until they are, they will not sell their land. When they do sell, it is usually some rich Englishman that buys it. Mr. Bright’s scheme presupposes a condition of universal ruin among Irish landowners, and a condition of such wealth among Irish tenants that they can outbid English capitalists. When those two phenomena coincide, and not till then, the repeal of the law of entail may contribute partially to make the “Irish people possessors of the soil of Ireland.” For the repeal of the law of primogeniture even so much as that cannot be said. Mr. Bright might as intelligibly have proposed to remedy the poverty of Ireland by repealing the Thames Embankment Act. He knows perfectly well that the law of primogeniture only applies in cases of intestacy; and that the intestacy of a landowner is a very rare occurrence, except in the case of yeomen, who in Ireland are not a numerous class. Even from the intestates of this class must be deducted those who have remained so intentionally because they approved of the principle of distribution followed by the existing law. Probably not a hundredth part of the soil of Ireland has passed under the operation of that law to which Mr. Bright supposes all her sufferings to be due.

One very useful suggestion at least the world will owe to this meeting, which may compensate for many follies. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne concluded his speech with this recommendation:—“Send to Parliament even twenty members who, without menace and declamation, will, by their silent looks and determined countenances, make the Minister of the day feel that they are in earnest. Do this, and success will be as certain as it will be deserved.” The idea of twenty Irishmen pledged to hold their tongues for their country’s sake presents to the mind a noble conception of self-sacrifice. We can imagine that a nervous Minister would be very much disturbed by a row of twenty determined countenances, glaring at him night after night, and never, under any provoca-

tion, uttering a word. Care must be taken that none of the patriots are afflicted with a squint, otherwise the “silent look” might go astray, and hit the Opposition instead of the Minister. But if this slight precaution be attended to, we have no doubt that silent looks will be infinitely more persuasive with the House of Commons than any amount of Irish declamation, and that the majority will crowd into the lobby at the heels of the taciturn twenty, if only for the sake of getting away from the sight of their determined countenances.

#### THE DRAMA IN DANGER.

THERE may be a grave question involved in the dispute between the Music Halls and the Theatres; it is quite possible that there are good reasons, as yet not clearly stated, for the law by which the Lord Chamberlain’s license operates not only as a permission for some persons to represent stage plays, but as a prohibition against their production in certain places of amusement not purely dramatic. But there is a certain odd effect in the sudden alarm excited in the bosoms of our London lessees by the re-opening of the Alhambra, and the apparition of a number of ballet-girls at ten or fifteen shillings a week tempting the youth of the town from that old and legitimate foster-nurse of the heroic and the pure, the metropolitan drama. The alarm is especially queer at this season, when, allowably enough, the great theatres are, not to put too fine a point on it, little better than big booths lighted by blue fire, with as many young ladies dancing in that delightful light as can be procured by diplomacy, legal proceedings, or cash. Mr. Strange, at all events, must feel an intense delight at having driven many a manager from his green room into a brown study, and then, worst of all, into a court of law; each step of the process constituting such an advertisement (beating out all posters) as must make Mr. E. T. Smith (who goes in for “the Bill, the big Bill, and sometimes nothing better than the Bill”) break out in contorted letters by way of expressing his despair. We shall doubtless have the Alhambra crowded now by those young men about town to whom its ballet was hitherto unattractive; there will be the chance of assisting at an entertainment not only spiced with the piquancy which some people find in young women’s pirouettes, but also with the supposed illegality of the whole affair. If, in addition to this charming suspicion of breaking the law, the manager could get Mr. Spurgeon to denounce him as in some way or other trying to upset Calvinism, his fortune would be made. Indeed, if the united lessees feared him before, they may now tremble at his power. For where is the use of rival managers contending for Donato, who has only one leg to be seen, if Mr. Strange has at the Alhambra several young ladies with two legs so very plainly displayed that, with a good glass and no intervening fog (for the gauze goes for nothing) they might almost be “visible at Greenwich”? Why should the Cinderella of Covent Garden leave her domestic hearth if her gilt coach is turned into a pumpkin at the eleventh hour? What avails Miss Lydia Thompson at Drury Lane—one against many—if her rivals are allowed not only to go to the greatest lengths in leg pieces, but, reversing Hamlet, to use daggers though they speak none? Lord Dundreary will not only be *Married*, but indeed *Done For*, if ballets that no one can understand are allowed to compete with him; while that spirited performer, Mr. Fechter’s horse, who throws new readings into his part every night, will be left to neigh unheard on the deserted practicable rocky heights of the Lyceum. That these fears should be entertained does certainly strike us with surprise. Do not the *Streets of London* excel anything at the Alhambra? Cannot Mr. Edward Falconer beat out the ballet-master who composed the illegal attraction of Leicester Square? for is it not known that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary’s enemy, he “writes himself”? Has the *Hidden Hand* lost its grasp on the public mind, or has Mr. Horace Wigan discovered that “a hand he cannot see” is beckoning his audiences away? Has *Leah* no more power to draw tears? Would not even the reappearance of Miss Menken—after her present few weeks’ interval of clothes—eclipse the many twinkling feet of the Alhambra? For our own part, considering the high pretensions of the drama, we should have as soon expected to find Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Froude protesting in a court of law against some plagiarism in the pages of *Reynolds’s Miscellany* as to find managers of high-class theatres dreading the rivalry of a “dagger dance” at the Alhambra. But doubtless the lessees are wise in their generation. They evidently do not wish to lose even that portion of their audience which consists of young men about town. They admit that there is some charm—and, to the unregenerate mind of youths who through feebleness are “fast,” there probably is—in enjoying at the same time pale ale and what is called comic singing, in eating devilled kidneys while you contemplate bad dancing, in smoking a cigar while listening to a fourth-rate band. If the kidneys are well cooked and decently served, the offence is worst of all, because it is an outrage on those charming retreats, appended to all our theatres, and humorously called refreshment saloons, where you get the worst possible ices at the highest possible price, and cannot even secure civility with a glass of water without a sixpenny fee. The best theatres of old were dedicated to Bacchus; but if these new temples of the illegitimate drama are consecrated to Bacchus, Ceres, Terpsichore, and Venus, we are not surprised that Thalia and Melpomene should

Dash themselves thereby and tear  
The glossy tendrils of their raven hair.

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They might take revenge by supplying to their modern votaries wine all over the house in pipes, as Pompey is said to have done to please the Romans, or as some lessees do now with Mr. Rimmel's perfumes, for they certainly cannot face their new foe with their present *entr'acte* attractions of "oranges, apples, ginger-beer, lemonade."

The question how far a ballet is "a stage play" was not much cleared up by the discussion before Mr. Tyrwhitt on Wednesday. The Act 6 and 7 Victoria prohibits the performance of "stage plays" without a license (from the Lord Chamberlain in town, and from Justices of the Peace in the country), and defines them to mean every "tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, burletta, interlude, melodrama, pantomime, or other entertainment of the stage, or any part thereof." The omission of the "ballet" in this list is rather unfortunate for the case of the managers; for ballets were certainly known in the sixth and seventh years of Her Majesty's reign. The question, however, arises now, is the ballet represented at the Alhambra "an entertainment of the stage"? Mr. Horace Wigan and his brother managers insist that it is—Mr. Strange that it is not. It is remarkable to observe how Mr. Wigan and two or three of his theatrical friends were drawn from their own greenrooms one night by the attractions of the Alhambra, and how they came away giving more praise to the enterprise of a rival manager than was ever rendered before. They even instruct their counsel to launch out in encomiums that go beyond the limits of an advertisement. The building, the size of the stage, the excellent arrangements for eating, drinking, and smoking, the columns, the cornice, the "splendid chandelier," the scenic effects and machinery, the appearance of rock and water—nay, a real cascade are all duly advertised by Mr. Beasley, who adds—"In fact, there was everything to tempt the public." The lessee of the Olympic bore the most ungrudging testimony to the merits of everything done by Mr. Strange. There were, he said, "rocks and real water, and zig-zag steps among the rocks"—evidently to facilitate straying from the strict path of dramatic virtue. The sixty or seventy ladies "went through the pantomime of attack and defence, and putting to death an imaginary enemy who appeared to be on the floor"; this "appearance on the floor" being, we suppose, one of the *dramatis personæ*, and liable to prosecution under the 6 and 7 Victoria, for having no visible means of livelihood. The ballet was so well acted that Mr. Wigan could, he says, "put it into writing." We wonder he does not borrow it for the Olympic, to succeed his present piece, and call it the "*Visible Legs*," for there must be one great charm about it that the *Hidden Hand* does not possess—extreme simplicity. "They (the young ladies) flourished daggers; some advanced and some retreated. They all had the same kind of weapons." There is the model drama of our age—with all the unities preserved. Mr. Wigan, at all events, is certain as to the character of what he saw. "I should not call a gentleman bowing to a lady in a dance, a pantomime; if you indicate anything, it is a pantomime." Certainly Englishmen generally indicate nothing but extreme stiffness or shyness when they do bow in a dance; but surely if "indicating something" is necessary to make a performance dramatic, there is a great deal of non-dramatic gesture on the legitimate stage. But Mr. Wigan's idea of a theatrical entertainment is rather wide:—

Mr. POLAND.—Suppose the "Lancers" and "Sir Roger de Coverley" were danced in fancy dresses on the stage of the Alhambra, what would you call it?

Mr. WIGAN.—A theatrical entertainment.

Mr. POLAND.—If in plain clothes?

Mr. WIGAN.—Yes, if with stage accessories.

Mr. POLAND.—If in evening dress?

Mr. WIGAN.—Yes, I should then call it a stage entertainment. My definition of a stage entertainment is something represented in a theatre, and which cannot be represented without the accessories of the stage.

The earlier answers contradict the last; the "Lancers" and "Sir Roger de Coverley" can be given without the "accessories" of the stage—without scenery, wings, trap-doors, &c.—and, therefore, according to this, need not be "theatrical." But the idea that a dance done by English actors and actresses on the stage, and which usually expresses nothing at all but purely physical action, is dramatic, is rather too strong an assertion for the present day. Mr. Strange, like the proprietor of the Argyll and other "rooms" of the kind, has a license for dancing; but, instead of allowing his public, male and female, to waltz on the floor, he sets apart the stage, where none but young ladies twirl, thus realizing that exact ideal of dancing in which even Mr. Spurgeon's holy toe might consistently take a light fantastic part. It appears that the license of the Alhambra was granted on the understanding that the place was not to resemble the Casino of "those publicans yonder," and doubtless the Middlesex magistrates were right; for, however thin may be the robe of virtue which flutters round the limbs of a poor dancing-girl, it has nothing of the disgusting character of the vice—the quiet, mercenary, trading vice—which infests the Casino, and which, it seems, does not excite the alarm of the drama.

We have other testimonies besides Mr. Wigan's to the beauties of the acting at the Alhambra. "The ladies kept time to the music"—a great merit—"feelings and wishes were expressed by the actions of the performers" (a rare occurrence enough indeed at the regular theatres); but Mr. Donne, the Examiner of stage-plays, is the great witness for these marvellous young women who have been secured regardless of expense by Mr. Strange. "I think," he said, "a story was acted. There was an engagement, some resistance, then some expression of triumph, and

at the end a reconciliation by the principal dancers." But Mr. Donne's evidence tells greatly against the theatrical managers when he adds that the plots of ballets are *not* sent to the Lord Chamberlain. Now the Act states that everything of the nature of the stage plays under his Lordship's survey is to be submitted to that high functionary; so that the practical exclusion of ballets looks like an official admission that they are not theatrical representations.

In the discussion as to what is and is not permissible, one very horrible and suggestive story was told. Mr. Poland said:—"Some years ago, a person used to go about representing the statue of George Canning, the statesman, turning from the House of Parliament—what would you call that?" Aye, indeed; what could anybody call it except one of those outrages on public feeling which nothing could palliate, and for which no repentance could atone? A man "going about" representing a statue—and representing also the great statesman at that period of his life, hitherto obscure, when he "turned from the House of Parliament"—seems something like a horrible dream. One consolation is that, if at all like the Westminster statue, he must have blacked himself all over for the part, and could be excelled, without preparation, by any passing sweep. But as it was admitted that this kind of atrocity is not theatrical, and is quite open to any "entertainer," we see a possible vision of a fearful spectacle—"The Statues of London." It would beat Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors to nothing. Imagine the Wellington Statue coming up through a trap-door, or George III. let down by his pigtail; imagine the search there would be for facial contortionists to represent every horror in bronze, and for thick-legged draymen to stand in rows, as stand those statues that disgust the world. We have, however, more than one consolation; for, in the first place, even a supine Parliament could not permit the double cruelty of bronze deformities reproduced in living tableaux; and, secondly, many of the statues are so unlike anything that is in heaven above, on the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth, that nothing human—from Mr. Disraeli's angel to Professor Huxley's ape—could at all come near the originals. So far we feel safe.

#### TEETOTALISM ON THE STAGE.

THE last novelty which has been produced by the manager of the Adelphi Theatre is an English translation of *Les Drame du Cabaret*, a French piece through the medium of which MM. Dumanoir and Dennery have lately been imbuing the audience of the Porte St. Martin with Temperance principles of the sky-bluest hue. Whether MM. Dumanoir and Dennery are themselves total abstinents, deriving from the pump and the coffee-pot the inspiration to which the world is indebted for so many highly-spiced plays, or whether they are merely advocates taking a side which promises handsome fees without troubling their heads about intrinsic merits, we cannot say. We should perhaps incline to the latter opinion, on the ground that play-writing and water-drinking seem scarcely to be congenial pursuits, were we not checked on the road to hasty conclusions by a remembrance of the fact that Mr. George Cruikshank is one of the teetotal chiefs. If abstinence from alcohol does not weaken the faculty for drawing funny pictures, why should it interfere with the production of funny or serious plays?

Whatever may have been the actuating motive of MM. Dumanoir and Dennery in coming forward as conspicuous champions of the Temperance cause, they have not done their work by halves. The teetotallers' ethical code in all its rigidity is adopted to the letter, and pursued to its extremest consequences by the zealous advocates who, professionally at least, are most fanatical in their abhorrence of alcohol. Tell not them that there are other vices besides drunkenness; they reply, in their nine terrible tableaux, that this is the one single source of wrong-doing, and that the so-called other vices are mere streamlets supplied by its strong waters. An absurd heretic was he who taught that "idleness is the root of all evil." Far from leading a man to do harm, idleness disposes him to do nothing. An attempt to deduce the wickedness of the world from idleness would be as fruitless as an effort to explain the motions of the solar system by the assumption of a mere *vis inertiae*. Indeed, one can scarcely conceive a more edifying spectacle than that of a Christian Young Man who, taking advantage of the early-closing movement, is content to spend four hours over his solitary tea, without seeking haunts that may possibly be vicious, desiring society that may possibly corrupt good manners, or perusing the sensation novels against which he has been warned by Archbishop Thomson. Such a man among the Buddhists would almost be a saint, rich in the enjoyment of the Nirwana, and even in busy London he is highly respectable. Idleness is neither an evil in itself nor a cause of evil. It is when our virtuous *fainéant* wants to do something, and seeks a stimulant for exertion, that he has entered upon the road to perdition.

Having assumed as their basis the fundamental proposition that inebriety is the source of all wickedness, MM. Dumanoir and Dennery show no timidity in the application of this general principle. They make no nice difference between the beastly intoxication of the pot-house and the social glass taken somewhat too freely at a well-furnished table. Indeed, that distinction between wine and spirits which, in the early days of the English crusade against intoxication, was recognised by the "British and Foreign Temperance Society," to the apparent disgust of whole-hog-going

teetotallers, would scarcely occur to the moralists of a country where drunkards of the lower class betake themselves, not to a gin-shop in our sense of the word, but to those *cabarets* where bad wine is the staple commodity, and absinthe the disagreeable variation. If we look at the pictures, tales, and anecdotes that are circulated in this country for the promotion of the Temperance cause, we shall observe that it is the consumption of gin and whisky that the teacher mainly has in view, and that if, for the sake of consistency, he attacks the pale ale of the undergraduate and the citizen's cozy bottle of port, he is much less zealous and pertinacious than when he makes an onslaught on more vulgar drinks. However he may preach, write, paint, and etch in opposition to the moderate abstainer, there is at the bottom of the English teetotaler's mind a strong suspicion that his doctrines are applicable to the working classes only, in spite of the brilliant proselytes that now and then make their appearance among the "upper ten." That prevalence of a system of total abstinence in certain sections of educated and respectable society which we find in American novels looks odd, perhaps a little snobbish, to the English reader; and it is a significant fact that the chief periodical organ of teetotalism in London is entitled the *British Workman*, and that to this title the articles correspond. MM. Dumanoir and Dennery, on the other hand, explain in one of their earliest scenes that, departing from the recognised idiom, they apply the word "cabaret" not only to those obscure establishments which are usually inscribed "Commerce du Vin," but also to the best-appointed restaurants on the old Boulevard or in the Palais Royal.

Indeed, the aristocratic sinners, as represented by these dramatists, are, if anything, worse than their plebeian brethren in iniquity. A young Count, of a naturally amiable disposition, is so mischievously stimulated by the produce of the choicest vintages that he literally commits a rape, which to the French mind must appear to be almost incestuous in its nature, as the victim is the child of his mother's foster-sister. An old cold-blooded millionaire of Dutch extraction, who is ready to break ten decads of decalogues in order to obtain the same young Count as a husband for his granddaughter, does not indeed, at the first glance, seem to be particularly influenced by the bottle, though he does take a few sips of Lafitte in the course of the play; but when the history of his youth is revealed, we learn that many years ago he stabbed his best friend in a fit of inebriety, and we are driven to the inference that the crime caused by drunkenness was the remote cause of all the sober sins committed by him in after-life.

While dealing with the effects of drunkenness among the humbler classes, MM. Dumanoir and Dennery are not distinguishable from the English preachers of temperance, the misdeeds they exhibit being of that brutal kind on which all the enemies of alcohol, from Hogarth downwards, have loved to dwell. An engineer, tolerably good when sober, is such a ruffian in his cups that he uses his youngest child as a weapon of offence wherewith to beat his wife, and nearly kills his eldest son by thrusting him against the teeth of a huge revolving wheel in a foundry. That he lets his daughter (the Count's victim) go to Jericho, which in this case lies at the bottom of the Seine, without making the slightest effort to reclaim her, is a mere sin of omission, scarcely worth recording by the side of his more positive atrocities. Another rascal, of a meaner description, spends on drink the savings with which he has been entrusted by his sober and industrious son. A third delinquent simply makes a beast of himself and undermines his own constitution; and it is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that this comparatively harmless sinner drinks nothing but brandy, while the more mischievous criminals have a predilection for wine. Laid up in a hospital, the brandy drinker is cured of his evil propensity by a homœopathic system, the doctor introducing the tempting spirit into every article of his food till he becomes as much disgusted with Cognac as Henry IV., under an analogous regimen, was with partridges.

In the English version of this play, which is called the *Workmen of Paris*, the French piece is reproduced with scarcely a modification, save that the Count's crime is reduced to the minimum of offensiveness possibly attainable where a forcible violation of female chastity is the subject. All that has been done by MM. Dumanoir and Dennery for the moral benefit of the Parisians is done on Mr. B. Webster's stage for the amelioration of the Londoners, the capital of France being still the scene of action.

Considered simply as a drama, the *Workmen of Paris* is far from perfect. The authors have allowed their zeal as moral teachers to interfere with the free exercise of their skill as accomplished playwrights, and have chosen to exhibit the vice they undertake to correct under the greatest possible variety of form, rather than to construct a deeply interesting plot. The scenes as they occur would furnish subjects for a series of photographs, forming altogether a companion to the "Bottle" or the "Drunkard's Children" of Mr. George Cruikshank. On the other hand, the interest taken in the individual personages, considered apart from their function as figures in a succession of groups, is comparatively slight, and although two stories are worked together with considerable ingenuity, they are too equally balanced to blend into perfect unity.

That, in spite of its dramatic defects, the *Workmen of Paris* will prove not only attractive, but one of the leading attractions of the season, can scarcely admit of a doubt. For the bulk of the modern public, it is better that a piece should be slightly ponderous than that it should be at all chargeable with meagreness or frivolity. That capability of a theatre to thrive on an entertainment composed of three or four light "comediettas" and farces, of which there was a striking instance in the Olympic

under the management of M<sup>me</sup>. Vestris, can scarcely be said to exist at the present day. Even the Strand Theatre now mainly relies on a drama of domestic interest; and at the New Royalty there is a burlesque called *Snowdrop*, which commands the admiration of all who see it as a most substantial pageant. Now the *Workmen of Paris* gives people plenty to look at and talk about, impresses on the memory pictures that will not easily fade, and fills the stage with characteristic groups. To this let it be added, that everything that could be done to insure the success of the piece has been done by Mr. B. Webster. Taking for himself the part of the wicked old millionaire, he has made of it one of those strong idiosyncrasies in the delineation of which he is unrivalled; and he has assigned to Mrs. Stirling and Mrs. A. Mellon the office of representing the mother and daughter of the debauched engineer, who, though in themselves not remarkable, gain weight from the talent and reputation of the actresses. In fact, the cast altogether is as strong as times will admit; while two of the scenes—a view of the Seine from the Pont Neuf, and a foundry, with workmen and machinery in full activity, both elaborate specimens of what may be called stage-building—will excite admiration even among those who have been almost surfeited with scenic marvels.

A chance now arises for a curious social experiment. We have already stated that everything that could be done to insure the success of the *Workmen of Paris* has been done by Mr. B. Webster. We may likewise state that all the means employed by the most active agents of teetotalism to dissuade the masses from the use of spirituous liquors are employed by him in the production of this piece. That terrible shop-front in the Strand, bright with coloured prints, showing all the possible results of intemperance, and intended to frighten all passengers into sobriety, is put into action on the Adelphi stage. Murders, rapes, robberies, fatal accidents, and ruined constitutions are held up as the consequences of drink, in a series of pictures that exceed in power all other pictorial efforts to influence the masses, from the mere fact that they are living. To the logic implied in the plot of the piece we ourselves do not subscribe, but to the most thorough-going teetotaler not so much as a weak point is presented. Now comes the social question. Granted that the excitement of an abhorrence of strong drink is one of the greatest benefits that can be conferred upon society, granted that pictures and individual examples are among the most effectual means by which this abhorrence can be excited, granted also that these pictures and individual examples gain in force by being represented in visible action—will the teetotallers, in any one of their innumerable organs, recognise Mr. B. Webster as a benefactor, or are they so imbued with the old puritanical prejudice that they would rather be weakly advocated than find an ally in the regular stage? In the *Workmen of Paris* the fanaticism they avow is even flattered; will it turn out that their main body hates alcohol much, but dislikes the stage more? That they have no objection to the dramatic form has been shown over and over again by their performance, in chapels and schoolrooms, of trumpery little plays representing John Barleycorn as the incarnation of the evil principle; and hence it might be argued that of course they can have no objection to the better and stronger instrument for the performance of the good work. But, on the other hand, it is to be observed that inconsistency is one of the leading qualities of modern Puritanism. Many an honest man will gladly witness a dramatic trifle performed by three professional actors if it is only called an "entertainment," whereas he would feel qualms at the bare thought of "going to the play." There is a fact worthy of attention as bearing on this question. One of the very earliest promoters of the Temperance movement, as everybody knows, was Father Mathew, a Roman Catholic priest. Nevertheless, in the shop-windows of the teetotal booksellers, abundant as they are in the effigies of water-drinking saints, this same apostle does not hold a place at all corresponding to his deserts. We may hence infer that Temperance has fallen into the hands of a "No-Popery" party, with whom, after all, teetotalism is a secondary consideration. The same party is violently anti-theatrical, with an exception in favour of the histrionic charity-boys connected with the chapel and the Sunday-school.

## REVIEWS.

### TAINÉ'S CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH LITERATURE.\*

WE lately had occasion to criticise the views which an English Professor and official expressed as to the state of literature and criticism amongst his countrymen. It is singular to contrast with his theory that which has been maintained by one of the favoured and gifted race to which we are considered in every way so much inferior. It will be some comfort to the English people to know that, whatever may be thought of them at home, they are not equally despised abroad; and that M. Taine, who certainly has studied English writers without any prejudice in favour of the English point of view, is by no means inclined to regard us as a race completely destitute either of speculative power or of interest in the higher regions of thought. His criticisms on England have a considerable analogy to those to which we lately referred, and probably contain pretty much what Mr. Arnold meant, or ought to have meant, to say; but they are in a very different

\* *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*. Par H. Taine. Tome IV, et complémentaire. Les Contemporains. Paris: 1864.

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tone. The last lines of his preface show how little he would be inclined to join in a general assault on the English people on the ground that they never entertain, and do not even know the meaning of, an idea. He says:—"Les écrivains décrits dans ce volume ont exprimé sur Dieu, la nature, l'homme, la science, la religion, l'art, et la morale des idées efficaces et complètes. Pour produire de telles idées il n'y a aujourd'hui en Europe que trois nations, l'Angleterre, l'Allemagne, et la France." It might seem a small step, but it is an essential step towards anything like just criticism on England and the English, to understand that one of the greatest nations in Europe is not exclusively occupied in comfort-hunting and money-making.

Like most of his countrymen, M. Taine likes to work on a large scale; and accordingly, in the present volume, which is by no means unwieldy in size, and which from the extreme elegance and neatness of its style seems to the reader shorter than it is, we have M. Taine's version of the characteristic views of Englishmen on all the greatest objects of thought—philosophy, morality, theology, politics, and art under the forms both of poetry and fiction. If, now and then, there is something to smile at in the ease with which M. Taine passes from discussing Becky Sharpe to discussing Mr. Mill's logic, there is also much to be learnt from the neatness, boldness, and effectiveness with which he contrives to illustrate, from all sorts of sources, his general conception of the genius of the country which he has honoured by such elaborate attention. The six representative men whom he has chosen for the purpose of setting before the world, in a series of criticisms, the Englishman as he is, are Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Lord Macaulay, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Tennyson. One or two of these criticisms we noticed on their first appearance in a periodical form, and especially those which relate to Mr. Mill and Mr. Carlyle. Of the details of the other four little can perhaps be said which would interest our readers. The writers themselves are so well known that any further remarks on them would be superfluous, but the general doctrine as to the nature of the English people which M. Taine extracts from his study of them is another matter. It is interesting both to see what it is and to consider whether it is true.

M. Taine's conception of the English character is at once characteristic, interesting, and definite. He does full justice to the great qualities of our race, but he finds one great defect which runs through all our literature—especially, it would seem, our contemporary literature—and which is to be traced everywhere, in our philosophy, our history, and our art. His account of it is vigorously summed up in a passage contained in his criticism on Mr. Thackeray. He has been speaking of Mr. Thackeray's general conception of human nature, and he observes that he, like all English writers, thinks far too much of the right and wrong of a character, and far too little of its essence. This is a mistake:—

Ni les vices ni les vertus de l'homme ne sont sa nature; ce n'est point le connaître que le louer ou le blâmer; ni l'approbation ni la désapprobation ne le définissent; les noms de bon et mauvais ne nous disent rien de ce qu'il est.

The very same quality, under different circumstances, may be a vice or a virtue. That which in the father of a family is kindness may be imbecility in a politician; what is stinginess in a noble becomes prudence in a merchant:—

Our true essence consists in the causes of our good or bad qualities, and these causes are to be found in the temperament, the kind and degree of imagination, the quantity and velocity of the attention, the size and direction of the primitive passions.

He then proceeds:—

C'est donc méconnaître l'homme que de le réduire, comme fait Thackeray et comme fait la littérature Anglaise, à un assemblage de vertus ou de vices; c'est n'apercevoir de lui que la surface extérieure et sociale; c'est négliger le fond intime et naturel. Vous trouverez le même défaut dans leur critique, toujours morale, jamais psychologique, occupée à mesurer exactement le degré d'honnêteté des hommes, ignorant le mécanisme de nos sentiments et de nos facultés; vous trouverez le même défaut dans leur religion, qui n'est qu'une émotion ou une discipline; dans leur philosophie vide de métaphysique; et si vous remontez à la source, selon la règle qui fait dériver les vices des vertus et les vertus des vices, vous verrez toutes ces faiblesses dériver de leur énergie native, de leur éducation pratique, et de cette sorte d'instinct poétique, religieux et sévère qui les a fait jadis protestants et puritains.

This general principle runs through every part of M. Taine's criticism. He sees in Mr. Dickens a man of genius who has taken up the trade of writing good little stories for good little children. Mr. Thackeray is the proprietor of a puppet-show, who despises his puppets and amuses himself by setting them to preach sermons. Lord Macaulay writes history and criticism in a spirit which, though humane, just, and considerate, is always the spirit of a public prosecutor. Strafford, for instance, and Charles I. are indicted for high crimes and misdemeanours, and the charge against them is stated by the counsel for the Crown with terrible energy. A French critic, says M. Taine, would have taken quite a different line. M. Guizot, for instance, "does not condemn the actions of Strafford or Charles; he explains them. He shows in Strafford the imperious temper, the domineering genius, which feels itself born to command, &c. He shows in Charles innate respect for royalty, belief in Divine right, &c." "Dès-lors vous ne voyez plus dans la lutte du roi et du parlement que la lutte de deux doctrines; vous cessez de prendre intérêt à l'une ou à l'autre, pour prendre intérêt à toutes les deux;

vous êtes les spectateurs d'un drame, vous n'êtes plus les juges d'un procès."

Mr. Carlyle illustrates, in another form, the same principle. He too has constantly an eye to practical results, but his leading object is to get at them from a mystical, intuitive starting-point. The vehemence of his style, its extravagance, its violence, and its humour, are produced more or less by the conflict between these two principles. "Deux barrières tout Anglaises ont contenu et dirigé celui-ci; le sentiment du réel, qui est l'esprit positif, et le sentiment du sublime, qui fait l'esprit religieux." Mr. Mill, on the contrary, works out the general English view of things into a consistent theory wide enough to embrace all human knowledge. The doctrine of experience and sensation, carried far enough, gives a theoretical basis for the sort of literature, art, and history which we possess. By obvious and well-known steps it justifies the sort of literature, the sort of religion, the sort of history which are common amongst English people. It would also justify our modern English poetry as represented by Mr. Tennyson, the strong point of which is the description of real people and natural objects, and the choiceness and perfection of its phraseology, whilst its weak point is the description of passion and sentiment.

This, in a form so much condensed as to do it imperfect justice, is one of the doctrines which run through M. Taine's very thoughtful and agreeable book. Knowing a good deal about England, and honestly trying to understand the English nation, one of the main results at which he arrives is that we are an audacious imperious race, with great strength both of conviction and of understanding, and with such an impetuous zeal to get at practical results that we hurry over and pass by truth. We are in such a hurry to judge, that we never wait to understand and sympathize.

It is easy to comprehend how such a judgment should be passed on the English nation, but the very statement of it raises a suspicion of its truth. You cannot really sum up the character of a great nation upon matters of this degree of importance in a few words; and though there may be a good deal of truth in M. Taine's criticisms, they are not only imperfect, but, as it seems to us, they are founded on a thoroughly false conception of our English way of thinking. With all his desire to understand England and the English, with all his confidence in the French gift of appreciating mankind apart from disturbing causes, and looking at things as they are, M. Taine's criticism appears to us to fail precisely in the point where he thinks it strongest. He and his countrymen do not see men as they are, and the reason why they do not see them as they are is, because they constantly treat as mere unimportant circumstances, which ought to be left on one side, matters which are in reality of the very essence of the problem which they set themselves to solve. The general theory of French and English literature respectively, as understood by M. Taine, may perhaps be stated shortly somewhat as follows. It is the general theory of French literature that a writer both can and ought to separate himself from the facts by which he is surrounded, and that, when he has done so, he becomes able both to understand their character better than he otherwise would have done, and also to ascertain the truths which relate to them. The theory of English literature is, that such an attempt is as vain as the attempt to jump off your own shadow, or to try to stand still to take an observation whilst the body on which you stand is itself in motion. According to this view, the attempt to reduce the French theory to practice ends, not in really appreciating men and principles as they are, but in drawing fancy pictures of both one and the other, which, without being true, have about them a deceptive appearance of truth, from which spring many errors both in theory and in practice.

The discussion of this difference, considered as a matter of theory and philosophy, would lead straight to the great fundamental and constantly-recurring controversy between transcendentalists, in one or other of the many forms which that doctrine assumes, and believers in the doctrine of experience. It would be impossible, and it would perhaps hardly be relevant if it were possible, to enter upon this discussion on the present occasion; but M. Taine's book affords a good opportunity for saying something upon the application of this general principle to the kindred subjects of literature and art. Is M. Taine right in thinking that the French theory as to the spirit in which literature, and especially history or fiction, should be written, gives the writers of his own country a great advantage over ours, or rather puts ours in a lower position than theirs? We think he is wrong, and for the following reasons.

Let us first take his theory as it is applied to history. The theory shortly is, that English historians err in taking the moral view of the case too strongly, and in arguing about Strafford! for instance, and Charles I., as parties to a real contest in which at the present day we feel a real living interest, instead of viewing the whole matter, as he thinks we ought, as a "lutte de deux doctrines." This criticism appears to us to involve a double error—an error of fact and an error of principle. As to the matter of fact, we deny that English historians fall into the error which he ascribes to them, of being unable to see in men anything more than objects of praise or blame. Such a criticism would not have been altogether true, though it would have had some foundation, if it had been confined to Lord Macaulay himself, by whose writings it was obviously suggested. No doubt Lord Macaulay—being himself a barrister, and being, like all members of that profession who are worth anything at all, extremely fond of it

and deeply influenced by it—does at times write rather in the spirit of an Attorney-general conducting a State prosecution than in the spirit of an historical inquirer, and the passage quoted by M. Taine (the famous denunciation of Charles I. in the essay on Milton) is a good instance of it. M. Taine, however, ought to have remembered that, of all Lord Macaulay's performances, this is the one which is least entitled to be considered a fair specimen of his powers. It was the first of his Edinburgh reviews, and very boyish it is. He says of it himself that it "was written when the author was fresh from college, and scarcely contains a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves." But, though M. Taine's view may be to some degree true of Lord Macaulay, it is by no means true of English historians in general. Who, for instance, would say that Gibbon, or Mr. Grote, or Mr. Merivale, or Dean Milman was destitute of the power of understanding historical characters, and was able only to praise or blame them? Take, for instance, Mr. Grote's accounts of the great statesmen of Athens, especially his view of Alcibiades; or Dean Milman's view of the more eminent Popes—Æneas Silvius, for example; or look at Mr. Merivale's pictures of the great Romans, and especially at his contrast between Cæsar and Pompey. In all these cases it is the men themselves who are set before us, and whom we are called upon to understand and appreciate, and not a mere set of prisoners arraigned before the bar of the historian for the purpose of being tried for their past conduct. Mr. Carlyle—one of the six typical writers chosen by M. Taine—is perhaps the strongest of all illustrations of the error into which M. Taine has fallen. No English historian has been more popular or influential, and certainly none has owed so much to his pictorial and sympathetic powers. The great leading peculiarity of his mind is his determination to look at men in their essence, and not at their accidents. No one can have read one of his historical books without seeing that it is grotesquely unjust to charge him, at least, with reducing men "to a collection of virtues and vices." M. Taine's criticism would thus require great modifications to make it even proximately correct in matter of fact.

Supposing, however, that these alterations were made, it is still open to the objection that it is false in theory. It is perfectly true that man is something more than a collection of virtues and vices; but it is also true that his virtues and vices are a most, perhaps the most, important part of him; and, with all respect to M. Taine, it is quite as unphilosophical, quite as untrue to nature, to resolve virtue and vice, as he wishes to do, into modifications of temperament, imagination, attention, and "the size and direction of the primitive passions," as to think of men as objects only of praise and blame. It is altogether untrue that what is kindness in the father of a family might be imbecility in a politician. Kindness is not mere sensibility, but sensibility indulged in a certain degree, and pointed in a certain direction. There is, and ought to be, a strong infusion of intellect in parental feeling. You cannot know the man himself more intimately than by knowing his virtues and his vices, and a picture of him which does not strongly mark and distinguish them is a very tame affair after all. Whatever M. Taine may say, Lord Macaulay's method gives a far clearer notion—and, what is more, a truer notion—of the characters of Strafford and Charles than the method of M. Guizot. After all, the civil wars were a contest between the King and the Parliament, and not a contest between two doctrines. There was a right and a wrong in the matter, and that right and wrong was the most important part of the whole transaction, and if all notice of it is left out, the transaction itself becomes altogether unintelligible and uninteresting. English writers may give too much prominence to the moral side of things; but French writers give far too little, and the English fault is a fault on the right side. What can be less profitable, less interesting, and less like reality in any shape whatever, than those eternal disquisitions about "luttes de doctrines" and "luttes de principes" which some French historians are in the habit of substituting for accounts of the "luttes de" men and women, which, after all, are what we want to read about. In history written by Frenchmen, the readers, says M. Taine, are the "spectateurs d'un drame"; in history written by Englishmen, the "juges d'un procès." Life, we apprehend, is far more like a trial than a drama. A trial is a real thing, with a real result and real passions; a drama is only a reflection of life at secondhand. A Judge at the Old Bailey has to think far more deeply about human nature, and to bring his thoughts much more distinctly to a definite point and result, than a person who merely looks on at a sensation drama from the boxes of a theatre. No one can seriously doubt which of the two positions gives the more real and deep knowledge of life and the world. So, in history, a man who writes with the distinct consciousness that he is deeply interested in a right understanding of the events which he describes or investigates—a man who feels that it is a question of real practical importance to English people in the present day to have a true opinion as to the merits of the controversy between Charles I. and the Parliament—is infinitely more likely to understand both parties, and to know their real natures and dispositions, than a man who has no other motive than curiosity, and no other wish than to spin an ingenious theory about the principles and doctrines which Charles and Strafford represented.

Passing from the case of history to the case of fiction, it must be observed again that M. Taine is unfortunate, or at least that he is not altogether fair, in his selection of typical English novelists. No doubt Mr. Dickens is, and Mr. Thackeray was,

one of the most popular of English novelists, but neither of them is entitled to be taken as a representative of English art. M. Taine always overlooks both the position of the writer and the distinction between his different books. It never occurs to him that Lord Macaulay actually was a barrister, which accounts for the legal character of much of his style, or that his essay on Milton was his first performance; and in just the same way he criticises Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray, without reference to the fact that they both wrote as novelists by profession—that they had to supply, and did for many years supply, so many pages a month to the public in consideration of so much a month paid by the publishers. A professional writer does not represent the taste of his country in its permanent and highest form. He is obliged, from the nature of the case, to be more or less of a scene-painter, to write for present effect, and to look not so much to the merits of the book, viewed as a whole, as to the merits of the monthly parts of which the book is composed. Such writers address, not the cultivated part of the nation, but the great body, and they address them at idle times. This is the true explanation of the babyish tone of a great part of Mr. Dickens' works, and of the interminable sermons which Mr. Thackeray used to address to a different and more highly educated class. Of the great number of books which bear these well-known names on their title-pages, hardly any are, or were intended as, works of art. They were more in the nature of passing entertainments offered to the British public, and adapted, not to their deeper and permanent tastes, but to their immediate wishes. Mr. Dickens has never risen above this element. Mr. Thackeray has done so occasionally, but not often. The criticism which M. Taine ought to have made on fiction in England is that it is ceasing to be one of the fine arts at all, and is sinking to the level of a mere casual amusement, especially in the hands of those who make the most money by it. Judged from this point of view, it is surely not fair to blame it for not bringing on the stage the great passions of life, or attempting to enlist our highest and deepest feelings. M. Taine would hardly like a serious English writer on French dramatic literature to take as its leading representative the author of the melodrame, whatever it is, which has had the longest run at the Porte St. Martin. He would hardly consider that the shapes in a pastrycook's window were a fair test of the national taste for art; and to consider Mr. Dickens' works as the representatives of English fiction is a mistake of precisely the same kind. The truth is, that since the early novels of Sir Walter Scott there has been hardly any English fiction which makes much pretence to art—if a few of Sir E. Lytton's early novels (which contain passion enough in all conscience) and some others are excepted. Mr. Thackeray drew certain characters artistically, and *Barry Lyndon*, and perhaps *Esmond*, were certainly works of art; but *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and most of his other writings were little more than satires under the form of fiction. They go to prove rather that English popular writers do not believe in art and do not attempt it, than that they do attempt it and fail. Madame Dudevant is, and Balzac was, an artist. Mr. Dickens is a man of business, and Mr. Thackeray was an artistic preacher. To compare their works is to compare things altogether dissimilar.

It must, however, be observed that M. Taine's glorification of Balzac on the ground that, by rising above moral trammels, he paints men and passions as they are, appears to us singularly far from the truth. Balzac paints his characters as they would be if morality did not exist, which is quite a different thing. Mr. Thackeray is blamed for letting all his readers see how he hated Becky Sharpe. Balzac, says M. Taine, "aime sa Valérie;" and, considering that "sa Valérie" was an adulteress under circumstances which made her far worse than a common prostitute, besides being a receiver of stolen goods, and that she lived in an atmosphere reeking with every kind of iniquity, from the foulest kind of murder downwards, one can only say that Balzac's taste was strange. If, in the artist's eye, every sort of infamy is merely matter of curiosity, it surely follows that the artist has a distorted and imperfect conception of human nature. A really great artist will not only show his characters correctly, but will judge them correctly, and love and hate them according to their deserts, and lead the reader to do so too, just as Shakespeare hated Richard III. notwithstanding his great qualities, and loved Henry V. with all his faults. To affect superiority to human passions, and to pretend to sit apart and judge of human actions from a point of view removed from the common interests and motives of life, is not really the way to understand mankind in history, or to represent them in art. We are ourselves a part of the human race, moving with its motion, living with its life; and if we cut off our sympathies and moral feelings when we assume the office of historians or artists, we only diminish our means of judging and describing, without increasing our impartiality. We describe abstractions or paint monsters, instead of men and women.

Closely connected with the notion that the artist or historian can find a position where he may sit and judge mankind at ease and in seclusion, is the notion that the philosopher can rise to a sphere of eternal truth which will enable him to enunciate doctrines by which the thoughts of men may be regulated in the high *à priori* way. The two notions are equally false. Our knowledge is made up of facts; our history and art are the work of a *homo vivens* in such a place at such a time, with such and such moral feelings and political sympathies, and as unable to rise above them as he is to jump out of his skin. The attempt



to take any other view of our position for any purpose, historical, artistic, or philosophical, leads only to error, which may sometimes be splendid but is more often ludicrous.

#### THROUGH MACEDONIA TO THE ALBANIAN LAKES.\*

A BOOK of travels in Turkey in Europe is a surprising and a welcome rarity. This sentence will probably seem to most of our readers a monstrous paradox, yet it is literally true; and we would fain ask any one disposed to cavil at it, how many authentic records of English travel in that country he can enumerate from the days of Colonel Leake—or, indeed, as regards extra-Grecian Turkey, from any days whatever—up to the present time. It is true that hardly a month now passes without some work of solid value on Syria and Palestine coming before the public; and in this quarter we see clearly enough that, the more we know, the more we wish to know and have got to know. But the books of travel in European Turkey, whether touristic, scientific, sporting, or even political, can be counted by units—can be counted, indeed, on the fingers of one hand. We have a stray officer or two from Corfu, extending his Albanian tour from Yanina over the Pindus to Salonica; Mr. Urquhart, in the hey-day of his literary promise brimming over with egotism and brilliant paradox, striving his best to catch and bottle up his now evaporated *Spirit of the East*; Curzon of the Monasteries, full of his jolly social humours no less among dirty white-kilted thieves in the green glades of Pindus than at the deadly crush in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; Mr. Lear the artist, and Mr. Warrington Smyth the geologist. To these we may add the exceedingly vivid and well-written letters of the *Times* Correspondent on the Thessalian frontiers in 1854, at the time when King Otho was carrying out his grand filibustering diversion on behalf of Russia, and seeking, not wholly without success, to pass it off in Europe as a genuine rising of the patriotic Greeks. But, in mentioning these names, we believe we have gone through the whole muster-roll of English travellers in Western Rumelia who have published accounts of their journeys.

We are, therefore, glad to see that Mrs. Walker has fulfilled the promise made on her account to the public so long ago as in the advertising lists of 1863, and we shall not quarrel with her for keeping us so long waiting, nor speculate on the causes of delay. She is the first lady in a little-trodden field, and she has told her tale in a pleasant, unassuming, ladylike narrative, not without occasional gracefulness, nor, indeed, occasional awkwardness in the historico-sentimental flights. She has the use of her pencil as well as of her pen; but on this point we fear we must say that, from an imperfect sense of her own opportunities, or of the public wants in this respect, she has chosen to occupy limited and valuable space with pretty innane groups from the harem, after the fashion of the covers of French chocolate-boxes, or with indifferent semi-Oriental street pictures after the manner of Preziosi, when she might have given us so much more of Salonician churches and beautiful mountain scenery. These Arnaout "Lights of the Harem" will not compensate us for the faintness of the glimpse given us of the throne of the Olympian gods. One or two of these pictures are misplaced, apparently by inattention on the binder's part. The exquisite view of Vódena and the snowy peak of Olympus, given at p. 66, cannot possibly be kept apart from Mrs. Walker's picturesque letterpress on p. 121. And while on the subject of her sketches, we would recommend her, in the event of any second edition, or any future publication of other drawings on her part, not to omit the precaution of putting her name as guarantee of authorship in the corner. Otherwise—though this time she has been let off cheap, owing to her good fortune in having a scapegoat provided for her—she may always be liable to the same treatment at the hands of careless critics that the hapless Lady Strangford received from the *Times* the other day, and be coolly told to her face that she never drew her own sketches—that lady having doubtless bought hers at Kyrios Colnaghides', the great Albanian print-seller of Janina. Whether this piece of complacent coolness arose from the elevated feeling expressed by Mr. Thackeray's bargees, in his *Prize Novelists*, as "I likes wopping a lord," or from the same principle which induces a Persian to tell you that it is raining when you ask him whether it is a fine day, or else from mere random impertinence on the reviewer's part, we shall not step aside to inquire. But we, too, beg to unite Mrs. Walker and Lady Strangford in one common reprobation for their omission of maps from their respective works. The general reader for whom books of this sort are written is wholly unable to make head or tail of travels, even in well-known countries such as Italy, without some sort of map, or even skeleton outline, of routes to accompany them.

In July, 1860, Mrs. Walker embarked at Constantinople on board a Russian trading steamer for Salonica, accompanying her brother (or, as she always calls him, her Brother), the Rev. Mr. Curtis, a respected English clergyman, who is no doubt worthy of all typographical homage. His services had been requested by the British residents of that thriving seaport, who were as yet unprovided with a minister of their own. The choice of a Russian steamer, rather than an Austrian or French one, was fortunate, as it enabled her to touch for a few hours at Cavalla and at Mount Athos. At the latter she was, of course, unable to land, in virtue of the disabilities

of her sex—that mountain being kept as sacred from female taint as the grotto of St. Kevin; but she has given us a pretty view of one of the monasteries. At Cavalla, the birthplace of the great Mohammed Ali, she has time to sketch the road to Philippi, and to cheer the desolate life and solitude of a worthy Vice-Consular couple—an Englishman with an accomplished French wife, who go on from year to year without the sight of a fellow-countryman, and whose whole literature to fall back upon consists of an almanac for the gentleman, and a *Lemprière* for the lady. The Foreign Office knows well how to skin its smaller flints, and to pare unpatronized cheeses, so we fear we cannot indulge these good people with any hope of extending their library. Mrs. Walker's brief remarks on Turkish Consulates are good, and deserve—nay, require—attention; but the attention of *Mudieté* "general readers" is about as able to stir up officials as a toothpick to draw blood from a rhinoceros. She stays for some time at Salonica, the guest of a gentleman indicated as C., an initial more or less veiling the name of a very able and excellent public servant. Salonica abounds with ancient remains, and with specimens of church architecture of an early period. Mrs. Walker is no ecclesiologist, but she gives two interesting sketches of a Roman arch, and of a very curious old church turned into a mosque, besides a good brief description of the antiquities in general, which are otherwise only accessible to English readers by means of Leake's dry and weighty volumes. These antiquities are curious. One, a mosque called *Eski Cuma*, or "ancient Friday," is an ancient Temple of Venus, in better preservation than any Greek building except the Temple of Theseus. Mr. C., in his notes on Salonica (which we hereby call on him to make public) very acutely finds the record of Venus in its Turkish name of Friday; though we wish that—as well as, or instead of, his illustration by means of the French *Vendredi*—he had mentioned that a Romanic language, not yet extinct, was spoken in the middle ages up to the gates of Salonica, when Thessaly was called by no name but "Great Wallachia," and that it must have been from the Wallachian *Vineri* that the Turks got their suggestion; just as they got their trade-name for the sheaves of fragrant Salonician tobacco from that of the maniples of the Roman legionaries preserved in that language.

Mrs. Walker makes two journeys from Salonica to Monastir; and it is on the latter of these only that she makes an excursion beyond the Pindus into Albania. The high road between these two towns is described on the occasion of her first expedition. In point of importance it may rank as the third in European Turkey, connecting as it does the principal seaport of that country with its chief political and military centre, and yielding alone to the trunk road between the capital and the Servian frontier by Adrianople, and to that from Varna to Rustchuk. Yet since the publications of Mr. Lear, and, we think, Mr. Money of the Indian Civil Service, it has remained undescribed in English. Mrs. Walker and her party have a pleasant pic-nicking sort of time of it, being honoured and made much of by the authorities in consequence of the presence of a Consul among them; and she enjoys herself most thoroughly, taking the hardships arising from bad weather, and, here and there, the roughest of night quarters in khans, as the salt without some grains of which travel is not worth having. She modestly describes herself as having a slight knowledge of Turkish, and, as her printer has done his worst upon it, with his *Dunmek* (*lege Deumeh*) and his *Itizam* (*Itizam*) and the rest, we must fain take her *au pied de la lettre*; but as this knowledge sufficed to put her into genuine communication with Ottoman ladies as well as their lords, she introduces an element of welcome variety into her record of the old story of Turkish travel—the pipings, and the coffeings, and the visitings, and the tough fowls, and the halts by the plane trees, *öten bir ayraon öşer*. All this part is done in a way very pleasant to sympathising readers, being full of that natural liveliness and brisk champagne-like quality which constitutes the chief charm of ladies' correspondence of the better kind. The only drawback in the present case is, that Mrs. Walker does not seem to have a clear sense of distance and perspective in the view she takes of her English reader's knowledge. She is constantly stopping to tell us that a chibouk is a pipe and a yashmak a veil, and that coffee in Turkey is bitter, and is invariably introduced in a visit of ceremony; and she gives us an elaborate note from *Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge* about the cicada, as though English ladies did not visit Italy, the chosen home of the cicada, by myriads every year.

All this is hardly worth remark; but we wish to lay emphasis on one item of high and special praise which Mrs. Walker richly deserves. She is evidently of a large, generous, and kindly nature, though she is not unlikely to resent the grounds on which we arrive at that conclusion. The book is crammed with good things. Reading it is like looking into Chevet's window at the Palais Royal. Next to that of eating a good dinner, said Thackeray, is the pleasure of reading of one; and Mrs. Walker's eating and drinking is as good as Homer's, or Walter Scott's, or Thackeray's own; and, as in the case of those great men, it is quite natural, and without the least touch of the most intolerable modern slang of gastronomic persiflage. Greek archbishops, we learn from her, can put their teeth to better purposes than gnashing and grinding them at Turks, as one or two English clergymen, emulous of the privilege of hate, would be likely to do in their place. The stately and learned prelate of the violet robe who holds the see of Vódena sets before his guests such a banquet as they would hardly find surpassed even in the vision of a Lambeth feast as conjured up, Barmecide fashion,

\* *Through Macedonia to the Albanian Lakes*. By Mary Adelaide Walker. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

by the zeal of an Administrative Reformer. They have fish fresh from the rushing streams, and fowls cooked in many ways, and lamb roasted and lamb stewed, and lots of creamy milk with rice, and cool peaches from His Grace's garden, and delicate grapes from the sunny slopes of the mountain, and wines of the country (a less enviable point), and delicious bread; and their nerves are soothed into divine repose by the "full-toned music" of cascades and rushing waters. Yet this is but a mere lunch, as it were, to stay the reader's stomach wherewithal. Here is the substantial meal of the book, which we cannot resist serving up in full:—

The chief of the station having provided a most luxurious dinner, a table was brought out on the grass, plates of the world-wide willow pattern were laid on it, and then began a succession of delicacies which would not have disgraced the *chef de Vêfour*, or the *Rocher de Cancale*. First, a kilted Albanian bore us in triumph a bowl of fish-soup, with large pieces of salmon floating in it; then a fine salmon stuffed with raisins, parsley, chopped onions, etc., baked and cut across, with slices of lemon stuck in the gaps; there was a rich sauce of the same nature; it was dressed with oil, and was declared by all the company to be perfect. Then came more salmon roasted, with pepper and salt, eaten with the rice; a dish of eels baked, and another roasted in slices and sugared, completed this part of the feast. Then two Albanians appeared, bearing a lamb roasted whole, stuffed, of course, with the usual accompaniment of rice, raisins, fir-nuts, etc., with it a salad, and afterwards an immense dish of sweet, crisp cakes, composed of eggs, sugar, and butter, and swimming in syrup; the whole wound up with rice, milk, pilaf, and fresh yaourt, followed by the little cups of black coffee, particularly acceptable after these rich viands. The cook, a wild-looking man in a gray fustanella, was complimented on the successful results of his labours (quite wonderful considering the wild, barbarian aspect of everything around), when he said that for twenty-five years he had been constantly employed in dressing these fish dinners.

The reader will not fail to observe how this passage tends to confirm the literal truth of Shakspearian writ. It has been contended that there are not salmons in the river of Macedonia, as there undoubtedly are in the river they call Wye at Monmouth. But here is Mrs. Walker ready to testify with grateful heart that there *are* salmons, unless we suppose her to have mistaken *Salmo fario* for *Salmo Salar*—a point which we leave to be cleared up until such time as Mr. Frank Buckland shall take his rod and line and fish-hatching gear into Macedonia.

We are unable to follow Mrs. Walker through her journey, except in the briefest of outline. From the Lake of Ostrovo she drives, in a carriage sent her by the Pasha of Monastir, to that town, along a road animated and full of traffic for Turkey. Monastir is described as a large and flourishing town, in some respects more civilized than Constantinople itself. Its civilization is of the French or military rather than the English or commercial type, having been called into existence by the Porte's choice of Monastir as the head-quarters of its army in European Turkey. It can boast of good carriages, the electric telegraph, and ladies in the Frank costume, albeit these last are but uneducated beings, unable to read and write, and sitting their horses a-straddle, crinoline and all. The Wallachian wedding here described is something more than the mere tourist's irrepressible marriage ceremony, for the interesting but little-known fragment of this people resident in Southern Rumelia seem to have inherited from their Roman forefathers a clear trace of the ancient rite of *confarrentio*, as is well pointed out by M. Heuzey, in his work, *L'Acaranie et le Mont Olympe*. Thence our traveller proceeds, over the Pindus, to the famous and picturesque Lake of Ohrida, of which she has unfortunately given us no view, so that we can only verify her encomiums by turning to our Lear. From this, through the town of Geortcha, she comes back again over the Pindus by the Lake of Castoria and Florina to Salonica. The lake is a wonderful lake, with uncanny ways about it, surpassing even those of the Lake of Geneva, or of Zirknitz in Carniola. It is subject to periodical sickness; it has unearthly subaqueous moanings every three or four years, after which all the fishes become unwholesome; it covers itself now and then with a green pellicle; it is infested by a monstrous fish 250 pounds in weight, with teeth like the dog-fish, called *gwananos*, a Welsh-looking name, which certainly seems more like Monmouth than Macedon; it has water-plants unknown elsewhere, which produce nuts contained in hard black shells set in spikes, which the people eat and pronounce very good; and when travellers take up the wondrous tale of nuts and their unaccountable milky contents, it is time for us to bid them good-bye.

Before taking final leave of Mrs. Walker, however, we must claim serious attention for two portions of her work. One of these is the evidence which is contained in some parts of her narrative, of misrule and official apathy of the grossest and most disgraceful kind. On this point we consider that she is, in the main, trustworthy, and though she cannot avoid colouring her pictures, she has had access to the best sources of information, and writes without malice and with a sense of responsibility. Our policy in Turkey has now dwindled into an otiose support of the Government, in which such force as we choose to exert seems entirely concentrated in the supporting arm, while the reprobating and warning arm hangs down idle. It may not be so, and we sincerely hope it is not so, but, as far as the public are allowed to see, it seems so. We cannot possibly insist too strongly on the utmost publicity being given to genuine accounts of Turkish mismanagement and crime, as the best means of stimulating official apathy on this subject. Mrs. Walker should have given prominence, however, to the fact that she is writing of Turkey in the days of Abdul Medjid, and before the accession to power of Fuad Pasha. She winds up her work with a page and a half on her own special subject, Turkish harem life. On this she has, we

had almost said, an exclusive right to be heard as an authority; and we conclude by recommending her to devote her time and her great opportunities to the production of a standard work on this subject, which will be for the women of Turkey—idealized one day up to the skies, maligned the next day down to Tophet—what Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's valuable work is for the Mahometan women of India.

#### THE ART OF FIGHTING.\*

FIVE years ago a book on technical strategy and tactics would have been a dead letter to all but a handful of professional soldiers. Since then, we have so far become a military nation that there are some hundreds of thousands who read such matters not only with intelligence, but with avidity, and many among them whose criticism no author would venture to despise. It is quite right that a change so remarkable in the temper of a large section of the reading public should be met by an attempt to present the curious art of war in a form compendious enough not to alarm an amateur student, and yet sufficiently exact and complete to claim a scientific, rather than a mere popular, character. The want we have indicated is admirably supplied by Colonel MacDougall's last work. His familiar acquaintance with the whole theory of campaigning, and with the best examples in ancient or modern times of special feats of strategy, is combined with a freedom from professional prejudice which will be very gratifying to his Volunteer readers.

There has been so much loose talk, by Own Correspondents and others, as to the changes which modern arms of precision must introduce into the handling of armies, that it is quite refreshing to have the views of a scientific and candid soldier upon a subject of so much difficulty. Colonel MacDougall gives no countenance to the prevailing theory of many amateur critics of military operations, that the solidity and precision which are the boast of our regular troops have fallen out of date and ought to be replaced by a looser drill. At the same time, he dwells emphatically on the importance of formations in open order, and of increased rapidity, as a means of escaping, to some extent, the devastating effects of modern rifles and modern artillery. The great blunder of many civilian critics is to confuse open order with loose drill, the fact being, as Colonel MacDougall does not fail to point out, that it is only the best-drilled troops who can be trusted to manœuvre at all in open formation. It is the combination of the most perfect precision of movement with the utmost freedom and rapidity of action that can alone satisfy the requirements of modern warfare, and this is as opposed to looseness of drill as anything in the world can be. As Colonel MacDougall pithily puts it, "the secret of success in light infantry movements is to obtain the speed of irregularity and yet to divest it of confusion." On this subject there is no authority to whom Colonel MacDougall more frequently appeals, nor could there be any higher authority, than that of the historian of the Peninsular War. Trained by Sir John Moore, Sir William Napier served as a captain, and afterwards as commander, of the 43rd Light Infantry, in the famous light brigade to which so much of Wellington's success was owing; and his leading maxim was to gain his point literally by the rush of a mob, while he retained the power of instantly re-forming his troops in an array as solid as that of the Guards on parade. This is admitted by almost all military men to be the *ne plus ultra* of drill, and the tradition (if a little lost sight of in some regiments of the British army) is preserved and exemplified in the Rifle Brigade, the 60th, and in several of the light regiments of the line. That which is best for one regiment is likely to be best also for another, and almost the only fault which Colonel MacDougall can find with our Red-book drill, as commonly practised, is that it does not sufficiently develop the rapidity of movement which is daily becoming of more vital importance, and which the example of some of our crack regiments has shown to be quite within the powers of ordinary recruits. The success with which this rapid style of drill has been initiated by some of the best of our Volunteer regiments, even with the limited amount of training which they can command, sufficiently disposes of the objection sometimes raised that rapidity is certain to degenerate into confusion.

The broad principles of attack from which Colonel MacDougall draws his doctrine as to modern drill are too obvious to be missed either by military or civilian critics. They are—to adopt that formation which exposes the troops least while advancing to the attack, and to shorten as much as possible the time of such exposure. This, of course, must be done without losing the concentration and solidity which overpower resistance, and it is in reconciling these rather conflicting requirements that the great difficulty of handling troops in the face of a deadly fire consists. The more the men are scattered, the less will be the havoc effected by shell and grape; but men scattered over a wide front, at loose and irregular intervals, are not easily brought into a mass for a concentrated rush against an entrenchment or a body of troops in line.

The English system of tactics has always been more favourable to extension than the old methods of the French army, and of other armies trained in imitation of it; and even in the days of Brown Bess our generals preferred trusting to the fire and the charge of a thin red line to relying on the momentum of an almost solid column. In a careful comparison of the two methods of attack, our author adheres to the British tradition, although he

\* *Modern Warfare as Influenced by Modern Artillery.* By Colonel MacDougall. London: John Murray.



admits that either to deliver or receive an attack in line demands a higher discipline and a firmer courage than the column formation requires. The main advantage of the English system is the enormous superiority of fire obtained by deployment—a consideration which derives increased force from the modern improvements in the soldier's weapon. The additional range and precision obtained by rifled artillery affords another argument on the same side, for the fire which could annihilate a close column might leave the same force, if deployed in line, comparatively intact. One drawback (which was exemplified in the battle of the Alma) is to be found in the difficulty of maintaining the line formation while advancing over a long stretch of difficult ground, in the face of a well-sustained fire; while the alternative plan of postponing the deployment until close to the enemy is seldom tried, from the extreme difficulty of performing the movement successfully when under fire. One of the rare occasions on which this has been attempted was at the battle of Albuera, when General William Stewart led his brigade up the hill in column, and, notwithstanding the gallantry of his troops, was repulsed in the attempt to deploy in the immediate face of the enemy.

Even the line formation is too close to enable a body of troops to traverse any considerable space commanded by a strong battery. Napoleon used to say that no troops, however brave, could march with impunity ten or twelve hundred paces against sixteen pieces of cannon well placed and well served. Before it could accomplish two-thirds of the distance the men would be all killed, wounded, or dispersed; an observation which, if true then, must be doubly true now that the power of artillery has been so largely increased. Whether such a feat is practicable in any formation which it would be possible to employ, is one of the questions which Colonel MacDougall discusses at some length; and though he is too old a soldier to pin his faith upon any tactics until they have been tested by practice, he suggests, as an experiment deserving of trial, a formation which he thinks may be found effective for the purpose. If the sole object were to traverse a certain distance with as few casualties as might be, the only thing necessary would be to extend the troops in skirmishing order; but if the advance is to end in a charge on a strong position, any large force when so extended would take so long a time in re-forming in close order as altogether to paralyse the final rush. A brigade, for example, whose front in close order would cover, say 700 yards, would, if extended, stretch over more than two miles, and it would be hopeless to attempt to close from such a front as a preliminary to the attack of an enemy strongly posted before a section only of the extended line. The ingenious movement by which Colonel MacDougall thinks that this difficulty might be got over needs pictorial illustration to make it clear; but the essence of it is to extend the companies of the component battalions of the attacking brigade in six or more lines at considerable intervals, in such a manner as to allow of the different battalions simultaneously closing and forming line on the leading companies. By this formation the comparative immunity of open order is obtained with a front not more extended than that occupied by the same troops in line; but it is not denied that for an open formation of this kind a perfection of drill would be required which may be dispensed with when (as is the case now) almost the only movements ever executed in the face of an enemy are the formation of column and deployment into line. We shall certainly not venture to pronounce an opinion how far any novel tactics of this kind could be depended on in actual warfare; but the discussion of the subject in Colonel MacDougall's pages is quite conclusive on one point—namely, that the freer use of open formations demands, not greater looseness, but more absolute steadiness and solidity in the troops. While we are referring to the changes which arms of precision may possibly introduce into army tactics, we must not omit to note that Colonel MacDougall is a warm advocate of breech-loading rifles, and laughs to scorn the argument that British troops cannot be sufficiently controlled to prevent the waste of ammunition before the critical moment of an engagement may arrive.

Notwithstanding the readiness with which Colonel MacDougall recognises the importance of the revolution effected by modern armaments, almost the most striking point which he brings out is the extreme uniformity of the great principles of strategy and tactics through all ages. Some change of formation in the immediate shock of battle is all that any alteration in weapons can produce. Even the invention of gunpowder left the old maxims of strategy untouched, and illustrations drawn from Greek, Roman, and Carthaginian campaigns are as pregnant as ever with instruction. In treating of the passage of rivers, one of the most difficult operations in the face of an enemy, our author draws his examples from every age; and it is a noteworthy fact, that the very same methods which Alexander employed against Porus on the Hydaspes were used with equal success by Napoleon III. on the Ticino, and by the Federals in the passage of the Rappahannock. The crossing of the Po by Napoleon in his first Italian campaign, Wellington's memorable passage of the Douro in face of Soult, and several other well-chosen illustrations of this class of operations, are explained with a combined condensation and clearness which exactly satisfy the requirements of a book at once scientific, and in a sense popular, such as that which Colonel MacDougall proposed to write. All the other special emergencies of warfare are treated with similar precision and brevity. The dispositions proper for defence and attack, the principles on which an advance or a retreat should be conducted, the attack of a position, the special strategy of mountain warfare, the art of street-fighting, and the conduct of irregular

warfare, are successively dealt with and illustrated by examples principally derived from the campaigns of Wellington in the Peninsula, but including some of the most memorable feats of foreign armies and of our own generals in the plains of India and elsewhere.

There is no maxim on which Colonel MacDougall lays more stress than the impossibility of commanding an army by rule. The soldier who had all the treatises on war at his fingers' ends might be the worst of generals if he did not know when to disregard his rules, as well as when to respect them. The final advance of Wellington from Spain into France, from which several illustrations are taken by Colonel MacDougall, is full of departures from ordinary maxims; but the English General knew that he had troops with whom he could go anywhere and do anything, and he did not hesitate to call upon them for efforts which, under other circumstances, might have been thought almost hopeless. The famous battle by which Soult was compelled to retreat from Toulouse was perhaps the most arduous feat that was ever exacted from an army. Before arriving at its point of attack, the greater part of the British army had to execute a flank march between an unfordable river and a very strong line of heights occupied in force by the enemy; and this without any secure line of retreat for themselves in case of a repulse. But Wellington knew his troops; and though nothing but success could have justified his tactics, he did succeed in forcing Soult to retire, and to retire in the direction in which he wished to drive him.

Another leading maxim, that success or failure in war depends more upon correct information than on any other element whatever, is abundantly illustrated by many examples, though Colonel MacDougall scarcely seems to make sufficient allowance for this in his criticisms on the tactics of the allies at the battle of the Alma. His theory is that, if Lord Raglan had held a supreme command, he would have left the seaward flank solely to the care of the fleet, and have turned the right flank of the Russians, which, with his superiority of force, he could have done without weakening his centre to any serious extent. But the criticism is based entirely on the knowledge of the Russian strength, especially in cavalry, which was only acquired long after the battle; and it may be doubted whether a general in utter ignorance of the force opposed to him would have been wise in extending his troops into a plain which afforded the greatest facilities for the movements of cavalry, an arm in which the allies were particularly weak. As the event proved, the alternative of crossing the river and mounting the hill in line under the fire of the Russian batteries was one of the severest trials to which the steadiness of English troops was ever exposed; but though a flank attack might have saved many lives, Lord Raglan was not possessed of such information as would have enabled him to adopt this plan without incurring the chance of still greater dangers. A very recent and striking proof of the value of both the principles we have been speaking of is afforded by General Sherman's successful march across the heart of the Confederate territory. It was diametrically opposed to all rule for a general to break away from his communications and manœuvre a large army as a flying column across three hundred miles of hostile ground; but General Sherman's information was ample, and, as the event has proved, correct, and he knew that in crossing the enemy's country he would find no troops to oppose him. His arrangements were based on this assumption, and he did not hesitate to direct the two wings of his army on parallel lines forty miles apart, thus securing without interruption or trouble all the supplies which could be drawn from a broad belt of the most cultivated district of the Confederacy. His scheme would no doubt have ended in disaster if the enemy had possessed any disposable force with which to intercept, or even delay, his progress; but Sherman had formed a right estimate of the available strength of his adversaries, and his success was the reward of a judicious combination of prudence and audacity.

We must not take leave of our author without referring to the tone of confidence in which he speaks of the Volunteers. He is far from repeating the extravagant eulogies which in the earlier days of Volunteering threatened to turn the heads of our civilian soldiers, and still less does he encourage any slackness in company or battalion drill; but he does recognise, in terms which Volunteers may read with advantage as well as satisfaction, the immense element of half-developed strength which the country possesses in its nucleus of a Volunteer army. There was a time when the advice offered to the Volunteers was to learn to deploy, and to march in fours, and to eschew all the more elaborate formations of the Red-book. The change which has come over the military estimate of the movement cannot be better exemplified than by Colonel MacDougall's recommendation that Volunteers "should not be content with mastering the manoeuvres of the drill-book—the mere A B C of the military profession—but should study the spirit of the art, to learn which, theoretically, is easy to any person of average intellect." We may add that they could not desire more trustworthy and suitable guidance in such studies than Colonel MacDougall's little work supplies.

#### BLOUNT TEMPEST.

AT a time when not to have written a novel is something so rare as well-nigh to have become the mark of a singularly diffident or unimaginative temperament, it might be thought strange

\* *Blount Tempest.* By the Rev. J. C. M. Bellaw. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

that a man like Mr. Bellew, whose efforts to keep himself before the public have been so varied and so untiring, and who has in his time played so many parts, should not long ere this have presented himself openly to the world in the character of a novelist. It is with an apparent consciousness of having discovered at length the true theatre for the display of his manifold abilities that he comes forth to court the suffrages of the public upon the hitherto untrodden stage of romantic fiction. In *Blount Tempest*, we are given to understand, the purely creative element of imagination has been eked out to some extent by the lore of the antiquarian and the local historiographer; the edifice of fiction having been made to rest upon a substratum of actual history, and no mean part of the materials, especially the descriptive portions and general scenery in the background, having been brought together from personal reminiscences of the neighbourhood in which the action takes place. This spice of realism seems somehow suggestive of the pump and tube of the theatrical manager, or of the ingenious device of reading the discourses of standard old divines so as appreciably to lessen the strain of weekly preparation for the pulpit. It must not, of course, be thought that these old bones are, in either case, to be served up in all their dryness and want of flesh. They must have the benefit of whatever aid the eloquence and taste of the reviver are able to impart. And in bringing in, for the purposes of fiction, such cuttings and jottings of biography or antiquarianism as may have originally belonged to actual life, Mr. Bellew continually reminds us that he is no mere Dryadstuf raking among the lifeless records of the past. On the contrary, a stream of sentiment flowing over the pages of the narrative bears witness that the writer's own conception is designed to be the main source of interest. One chief peculiarity of Mr. Bellew's style, indeed, is the way in which he halts us, at short intervals of the *dénouement*, to moralize with him upon the progress we have made, and to catch the reflections which his philosophy of life suggests touching each important point of circumstance or character. Not that he is for imitating that class of didactic prose writers who are always "improving" each single chapter and verse as they go along, and boring the young, more particularly, by eternal sermons upon the sure reward of the good, and the certainty of naughty boys going to the bad—if at least we are right in thus construing his somewhat ambiguous repudiation of "those domestic preachers who preach at young children in all their moods and tempers, inflicting morals upon their laches, and erecting schools of ethics out of their good behaviour." The flights of Mr. Bellew's style, we may observe once for all, often leave the ordinary understanding far behind. Not only is it difficult to pierce the romance which is flung like a halo round the principal personages and favourite scenes in the story, but there is a poetic license in dealing even with the commonest forms of speech which is not unfrequently baffling to the reader's mind. When we are told that the "eminent diplomatist," Geoffrey Tempest, who figures at an early page of the story, is moved by the matured virtues of Colonel Willoughby Massey, the friend of his boyhood, to acknowledge to himself that "he had as much need to honour the man as he had loved the boy," we can only suspect one of those logical intricacies of phrase by which members of that professionally tortuous class are wont to wrap up the subtlety of their thoughts. Skipping lightly over the perilous depths of predestination and freewill, the writer is to be congratulated on being able to discern a lucid statement of that vexed problem in his comment upon the colloquy of the aforesaid gentlemen touching the respective influence of "chance" or "fate" in throwing upon the Colonel's hands an unknown foundling in the streets of Florence:—

Prophetic words! Could those two men have lifted the veil of futurity and have foreknown the influence which that child was to exercise over persons connected with both, would they not have instantly acknowledged that men's lives are destined; and with the first glimpse behind the veil, would they not have dropped the folds in fear and trembling?

It is a merciful ordination that none of us can look into the future!

It does not appear that the veil of futurity needed to be lifted, in this instance, in order to bring round the sceptical diplomatist to the view of philosophy propounded with such queer logic as this; for we find him at once, through the argument of his "fatalist" companion, "thoroughly imbued with the conviction of a high destiny being involved in all the 'chances' of existence." This impression, which he would at any previous period have denounced as a weakness, "at that particular period assumed the character of religious awe." From additional glimpses of a feeble kind of ethical purpose underlying the development of the story, it seems to be an idea with Mr. Bellew that the eventual correspondence of the end of the fiction with the "destiny" previously announced by the novelist is to be taken as a decisive confirmation of the theory of his model man of faith. "Chance! Tempest! There is no such thing as chance. Not a sparrow falls unknown. I believe in destiny—'fate' people call it." Unquestionably things do fall out in this special instance most conveniently for the confirmation of this sentiment, be it that of the Colonel or of the novelist; though, with respect to the general question, we may avail ourselves of the loophole of escape which Mr. Bellew himself elsewhere affords us when he avers, in language peculiarly his own, that "whether the philosopher is correct who teaches us that truth wears various aspects when viewed in different lights, need not to be determined here." A mind less exceptionally constituted than that of the "fatalist" might have seen something odd enough to call forth surprise and

investigation in the circumstance of a child, dropt in a stealthy way, by an Italian couple, into the cradle of the Orfanotrofio in Florence, making its voice heard in unmistakable baby English:—"Me, me, me up," she cried, kicking her little legs about, and laughing at the moonlight shining full in her face; "me, me, me mamma's Mabel, poor mamma's Mabel!" Being constitutionally romantic, "and the romance of this situation being enough to touch any man with a grain of sentiment in his constitution," the Colonel takes up Mabel as his adopted daughter. His only brother, Gerald, is opportunely removed by getting his head under the ice at a skating party, leaving, as was supposed, neither wife nor child; and young Willoughby, the Colonel's only son, being drowned in a boyish game at hare and hounds, Mabel soon stands as the acknowledged heiress of the Durham-Massey property. Adjoining this, and guarding the vale of the river Warfe, a tributary of the Laune, stood Warfdale tower, the seat of Sir Nigel Blount Tempest, the representative of one of the oldest families of the north country. A country gentleman of the old school, Sir Nigel had found refuge from the grief occasioned by the loss of the only love of his youth in such bachelor resources as hunting and dressing flies. He is described as a stony and reticent man; but, notwithstanding, "one solitary tear, the only one he ever shed for his lost brother Geoffrey," dropped upon the wing of the fly he was making, and "drabbled" it, when he heard suddenly the death at Florence of the above-mentioned diplomatist from an attack of fever, made murderous by the lancets of Italian surgeons. His brother's widow also dying from the shock of the fatal news, Sir Nigel finds himself alone in the world with his twin nephews Blount and Geoffrey.

The first of these, the hero of the tale, is in due course brought up to be petted and favoured as his uncle's undoubted heir. It is, of course, necessary to take him to Oxford, if only to let loose the novelist's poetical powers in a description of the University at Commemoration time. How Mr. Bellew revels in this opportunity it would not be easy, by any amount of quotation, to bring home to the reader's mind. Blount having gained the Newdigate, his biographer is kind enough to treat us to a sample or two borrowed from an actual prize poem of some years' earlier date, the palpable gold of which he modestly thinks to gild over with an additional glory by letting out in confidence that it was preferred to one of his own. Incredible as it may be thought, that poem has always been accepted by him as "in poetic feeling without a rival"; and "the reader will believe his assertion, and couple it with a smile, when informed that this expression of opinion emanates from one who competed for the prize, and—did not get it. *Palmam qui meruit*, &c." Blount and Mabel are, after some previous chilly passages, engaged to each other under the inspiration of the poem and the music of the Magdalen rooks, but their promised happiness is not to be consummated without some further application of those shears of destiny by which Mr. Bellew works out so ruthlessly the purpose of his story. Geoffrey Tempest, Blount's younger brother, an ill-conditioned youth who smarts under the injustice of his secondary and despised position, has to make his own way in what, Mr. Bellew tells us, "some one has sublimely called 'the whirling-whirlpool world.'" He is thus brought into connexion with a legal firm whom Mr. Bellew terms "conveyancers," to whom Geoffrey becomes an "articled pupil," his duties consisting mainly in acquiring "an insight into the principles of common law in dealing with real property," and in writing in bold characters "*This Indenture*." Whatever may be the amount of study in some special branch of law implied in the cabalistic letters S. C. L., it does not appear to have gone far towards clearing the writer's mind as to the distinctions between the respective functions of conveyancers, attorneys, and law stationers. Of this firm of "conveyancers," who for centuries have managed the affairs of both the Massey and Tempest families, two are most dignified and upright persons, two utterly disreputable and roguish. Under the influence of the unscrupulous Mr. Creevy, Geoffrey plots to eject Mabel from her inheritance in favour of Clara Harcourt, a concert singer of obscure birth, whom they put forth as the child of the deceased Gerald Massey by a secret marriage, and to whom Geoffrey looks forward as his destined wealthy bride. The pair waylay the Colonel in the ruined Durham-Massey Chapel, and, in their attempt to dispossess him of certain papers of moment to their plot, are reduced to shoot their victim. An extraordinary tissue of circumstances fastens suspicion of the crime upon Blount. He is tried and sentenced to death; but through the constancy and vigour of Mabel, aided by the illegal skill and energy of Mr. Trigg, one of the honest members of the partnership of "conveyancers," justice is balked on the very eve of his execution. In picturing the preparations for this catastrophe, Mr. Bellew draws, with all the effectiveness which might have been anticipated from his pen, upon his personal recollection of the scene preceding the execution of the five pirates in the spring of last year, when the details were providently "noted down as they occurred, to provide truthful materials for this chapter."

When upon foreign soil, we must not be surprised to find Mr. Bellew's personal recollections break forth, regardless of humdrum sense or grammar, in a gush of that "poetic feeling" which he so much prizes in his fictitious personages. He is not one of those "to whom a book is a book, a horse a horse, a church a church," nor even like his own Sir Nigel, whose "reticence" amid scenes of romantic interest contrasted strangely with those "weak human vessels whose eyes perpetually need the sympathetic drop as much as the decks of a craft do the swab." "No tear had dimmed his eye since that which drabbled the wing of

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his fly when first he heard of his brother's death." Florence, above all parts of the earth, is the spot to call forth Mr. Bellew's poetic ecstasies. "If there is a place in the world to provoke the composition of a true Petrarchan sonnet, surely it is Florence." This seems, indeed, to form a standing test beyond which his imagination fails to go. "The object of so many Petrarchan sonnets" is the choicest figure whereby he attempts to suggest the object of Blount's amorous outpourings. How deeply his travels and studies have imbued him with Italian lore may be seen by the titles of the various songs to which we are treated by musical characters in his pages. "Oh! Madra mea" seems to be a favourite subject with Miss Harcourt, while her patroness in art inclines to "De Piacer," and the Italian buffo, the accomplished villain of the piece, chimes in, on appropriate occasions, with his national "non mi ricordo." If there is one qualification, however, on which Mr. Bellew evidently piques himself, it is his aptitude for antiquarian description. It is with glowing pride that he lingers over sketches of scenery made familiar to him by long association, and ruins whose history is with him a recollection of classic research. Of Lancaster he has traced the annals ever since it was "a castra of the Romans." From the Massey Chapel he has preserved, for our benefit, a very striking inscription. The merits of this most remarkable composition we hardly know in what proportion to divide between Prior Eustace and the learned transcriber:—

Ad laudem Dei et omnium Sanctorum istam Capellam fundavit Eustace de Massey, Monk: Britanie: hujus Monasterii Prior: et eundem complete finivit: A.D. MCCXVI.: in commemoratione omnium Animarum et Sancti Josephi dedit. dedicavit.

The value of a learned clergy should be as gratefully acknowledged now as it was in those days of the dark ages when this "Monk: Britanie" could record his achievements in such wondrous Latinity as "eundem complete finivit." The estimate of Mr. Bellew's attainments will doubtless rise higher than ever amongst those who hang upon his elocutionary powers when they see with what fluency and correctness he can deal with composition in dead or foreign languages, as well as with what fidelity to the principles of law and fact he can carry out the plot of a romance.

#### TOULMIN SMITH'S MEMORIALS OF OLD BIRMINGHAM.\*

HERE is a book with a title-page after the manner of Dr. Nares; and the book itself, though it contains, even reckoning the Index, only 108 pages, is somewhat in the manner of Dr. Nares also. Certainly no one who had not imbibed somewhat of Dr. Nares' spirit could have made 108 pages of royal octavo out of the two or three facts which Mr. Toulmin Smith has to tell us. For it is exactly by Dr. Nares' method of dealing with incidental matters at as great a length as with principal matters that Mr. Smith contrives to fill his 108 pages. He has to talk of Birmingham in past times, so he gives us his theory of Past and Present. He has to deal with a list of names, so he gives us an essay on the general subject of surnames. He has to record a licence in mortmain, so he gives us the whole history of mortmain and of everything to do with it. He comes across other legal and constitutional points, so he favours us with his own peculiar views upon each of them. He records a fact contemporary with Wickliffe, so he helps us to all that he has to say about Wickliffe and Piers Plowman to boot. Happily Mr. Toulmin Smith's views seem thoroughly insular, or we might have had the Great Schism, the War of Chiozza, the Sedition of the Ciompi, and the campaigns of Sultan Bajazet, all brought in to illustrate the foundation of Deritend Chapel. All these great events have exactly as much to do with the matter as Wickliffe has, and indeed, if the foundation of Deritend Chapel was the important theological event which Mr. Toulmin Smith tells us it was, it would have been no more than fair to have brought in both Pope and Turk as gnashing their teeth at it. And if Mr. Toulmin Smith may be likened in some points to Dr. Nares, there are others in which he may be likened to Archbishop Whately. He indulges to the full in the Archbishop's habit of constantly quoting himself. Mr. Toulmin Smith, it appears, has written one or more books, and has also given evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Lords on Church-rates in 1860. "The evidence which I then gave, having been referred to in subsequent debates in Parliament, as well as elsewhere, will not be unknown to some of my readers, and is easily accessible to all." In short, Mr. Toulmin Smith is a man of crotchets, which he brings in on all occasions. We are far from saying that his notions are erroneous or mischievous; indeed many of them are such as we fully sympathize with. We respect Mr. Smith as one who thoroughly enters into and thoroughly reverences the old historical foundations of English law and English freedom. Still there is no need to be always talking, in season and out of season, even about such respectable matters as these. In Mr. Toulmin Smith's hands, legal and constitutional theories degenerate into a sort of legal and constitutional twaddle, quite as little to the purpose as the theological twaddle which some people could not keep themselves from pouring forth if they had to write about the foundation of Deritend Chapel. Indeed Mr. Smith's

own twaddle has somewhat of an ecclesiastical character about it, but, as a lawyer, he looks on ecclesiastical matters in their legal and historical rather than in their sentimental aspect.

The main subject of Mr. Smith's book is the foundation of the Chapel of St. John at Deritend, a suburb of Birmingham, but ecclesiastically in the parish of Aston. The Chapel, it seems, was begun in 1375, and the deed of foundation bears date in 1381, and the licence of mortmain for the endowment in 1383. Mr. Smith prints the deeds, which are straightforward documents enough. As Deritend is very far from the parish church of Aston, so that the vicar of Aston is often unable to get at his parishioners and his parishioners to get at him, the people of Deritend have built them a chapel. The Bishop, with the consent of all ecclesiastical bodies concerned, allows the parishioners to have the chapel served by a chaplain of their own choice, and goes on to settle the exact relations between the Chapel of Deritend and the mother-church of Aston. The King, for a payment of 35 marks, allows real property to the value of 10 marks yearly to be settled in mortmain for the maintenance of the said chaplain. This is all that an ordinary prosaic antiquary can see in the matter; an interesting little bit of local history, and one creditable to everybody concerned, except to the King or his favourites who pocketed the 35 marks. But Mr. Toulmin Smith sees much more in it than this—

The author of Piers Plowman's Vision is understood to have been a Monk of Malvern. John Wyclif found a supporter in John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was the owner of Kenilworth Castle, and a Justice of the Peace for Warwickshire; while Lutterworth, where Wyclif lived from the beginning of 1374 till his death in the last days of 1384, is very near to the borders of Warwickshire. The teachings of both Piers Plowman and Wyclif would, then, necessarily be well known in the market-town of Birmingham and the neighbourhood.

This is quite possible, but we do not see what it has to do with the matter. Let us however hear Mr. Smith:—

Whether Sir Richard Shobenhale (to give him his full clerical title), who, towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, happened to be Vicar of Aston, was a Parish Priest of the sort that Piers Plowman and Wyclif so vigorously denounced, cannot perhaps be now known with certainty. But this much is certain—that the inhabitants of Deritend and Bordesley had become moved by the spirit that breathed through the teachings of Piers Plowman and Wyclif, and had grown thoroughly dissatisfied with being dependent, for their religious services, upon Aston Church and its Vicar. It is easy to understand the feelings that waxed strong and stronger on this subject, and the settled wish that arose to have an independent Church of their own within their own borders; feelings and a wish that were helped to ripen into determination by that important Judgment of Law, which put beyond doubt the right of parishioners to repair their Parish Church for their own use. It seemed to the men of energetic minds who then dwelt in Deritend, to be only applying the same principle one step further if they should build an entirely new Church for themselves. And this, accordingly, the men of Deritend and Bordesley, joining together for the purpose, set about to do. The Church which they thus built was the first actually new built Church of which there is any record, as the fruit of the teachings of the true fathers of the Reformation in England. The building of this Church becomes therefore a memorable event in the history of England, and of the Reformation in Europe. It is a specially memorable event in the history of Birmingham.

Now we certainly cannot find a word of all this in the deeds, and Mr. Smith quotes no source of information except the deeds. The deeds mention no motive for the foundation of the Chapel, except the obvious and quite sufficient one, that Deritend was a long way from the parish church. Then as to the people having the appointment of their own chaplain, Mr. Smith himself explains it perfectly:—

When a wealthy landowner had built a Church at his own cost and on his own land, for the use of his tenants and his neighbours, it seemed to follow, as a matter of course, that he should himself appoint the person who was to celebrate divine service there. And it would follow, on the same principle, that when the inhabitants of a place themselves built a Church, at their own cost and for their own use, they should themselves appoint the person who was to celebrate divine service in their Church. This was the view which the men of Deritend and Bordesley took, and which helped them in their determination to build a new Church for themselves. It was only thus that they could secure the services of one of Wyclif's own followers.

Here is the plain and simple reason. They built and endowed the Chapel themselves, and they therefore claimed the appointment of the chaplain. That they had any other reason or motive, that they had any wish to secure the services of a follower of Wickliffe, is the pure invention of Mr. Toulmin Smith's own brain. Dr. Shirley, whom Mr. Smith quotes, calls the publication of the preface to Wickliffe's book *De Dominio Divino* "the true epoch of the beginning of the Reformation in England." And so, from Dr. Shirley's point of view, it may very well be called. And Deritend Chapel was undoubtedly built not long afterwards. But it is eminently ludicrous to assume, without a shadow of evidence, a connexion between the two things, and to call Deritend Chapel "the earliest Church of the Reformation." We never saw a droller instance of the fallacy of "post hoc, ergo propter hoc."

This Chapel of Deritend, it appears, lost its endowment among the spoliations of Edward the Sixth's reign. The building however survived, and was replaced by the present modern chapel in the last century. Another church, in the town of Birmingham, known as the Free Chapel, was not only plundered but utterly destroyed. What was the exact nature of this Free Chapel? There is a class of Royal Free Chapels, examples of which are rather common in Staffordshire, which were in fact Collegiate Churches under royal visitation. The best-known of them is Wolverhampton, which, having, like Ripon and others, got refounded, retained, in name at least, its Dean and Chapter down to the last changes in such matters. But this Birmingham Free Chapel would seem, from Mr. Smith's mention of it, not to have

\* *Memorials of Old Birmingham. Men and Names, Founders, Freeholders, and Indwellers, from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century. With particulars as to the Earliest Church of the Reformation built and endowed in England. From original and unpublished Documents. By Toulmin Smith, &c. Birmingham: W. J. Sackett. London: J. R. Smith. 1864.*

been of this class. Anyhow, it fell in the havoc of Somerset's Protectorate—a havoc which the popular mind never fully realizes. As all mediæval clergy are set down as monks and all ecclesiastical foundations as monasteries, people are apt to jumble together two wholly different events, and to attribute to the glory or to the shame of Henry the Eighth a great deal which was the work of his son's minority. London, for instance, lost the great church of St. Martin-le-Grand; it was very near losing Westminster Abbey itself. And besides the foundations which were utterly suppressed, the parish churches throughout the land were robbed over and over again of everything which the courtiers thought worth taking. In the suppressions under Henry, though doubtless rapacity had much to do with the matter, yet rapacity and real policy went hand in hand. But the suppressions under Edward, except perhaps that of the chantries, seem to have had no other motive than plunder. No policy, civil or ecclesiastical, required either the destruction of the Free Chapel of Birmingham or the seizures of bells and chalices throughout the country. If anything beyond private pelf was ever the object, it was at best to supply the corrupt extravagance of a wasteful administration. This is a part of our history which comes out mainly in local works, like this of Mr. Smith. The general writers of English history pay little heed to it; Mr. Froude seems hardly to know what the general suppression means; but he now and then lets us see that he looks on the local robbery as fine fun. We are thankful therefore to any writer who, like Mr. Smith, supplies local facts illustrating the subject.

Mr. Smith seems to be a careful antiquary, and his examination of the surnames which he comes across supplies some very good hints. What we complain of is the utterly desultory and twaddling style in which the whole thing is done, and especially the grotesque fallacy which is involved in his theory that Deritend Chapel was "the First Church of the Reformation."

#### BRITISH ARMS IN CHINA AND JAPAN.\*

THE study of the progress of British arms and commerce in China and Japan, during the last seven years, is one which may be safely recommended to anybody who is inclined to think too lightly of the problems which beset our intercourse with foreign nations. They have been years fruitful in "questions," in Europe as well as in Asia; but nowhere have the answers been so difficult to arrive at by any process of ordinary reasoning or action as in the far East. The diplomatist who journeys to Peking or Yeddo must leave his optimism at home. Heaven may lie about him in the infancy of his political experience, as he peruses the rose-coloured pages of Oliphant, but the clouds of glory trail very far behind when he once sets foot on Nagasaki. Even without going so far from home, indeed, there is something paradoxical in the ineffectual attempts of modern Englishmen to arrive at any distinct theories which may govern their international relations. Every fresh question which suggests itself, whether it be far or near, seems as though it were a question which had never suggested itself in all the world before. There arises, it may be, a problem of the right of nationalities, and it turns out that about nationalities and their rights we are so devoid of simple and consistent opinions that we are half inclined to plunge into action in order to obviate the necessity of thought. We are called upon, perhaps, to interfere in a neighbouring quarrel, and we find that we can neither shape our own creed upon the limits of the right of intervention, nor accurately understand the creed of those who act for us. Still worse, however, is the case when it comes to a collision between European and semi-barbarous races. There are no data to proceed upon, no traditions of the rights and wrongs of nations, no agreement upon principles, no apparent harmony of interests. It is like endeavouring to work a proposition of Euclid without axioms, postulates, or definitions, and nothing to help us but a British fleet over the page, and a wholesome rivalry with the Americans in the solution. The chief consolation derivable from such a state of things is that the task is eminently interesting. It is much more satisfactory to help to work out a political problem than to take it as it is written down in a book. To see these difficulties arise before us, to comprehend their full force, to watch them develop into great and absorbing questions of policy, to feel an almost personal interest in their settlement—all this is in many ways better than to read the history of their progress, however perfectly it may be represented. No one who takes an interest in such topics can ever be at a loss for mental excitement. There is little place for the maxim of the victims of *enimi*. Here everything is new, nothing is true, and it matters very much.

Great as the responsibility of the assertion must be, it is, perhaps, not going too far to declare that upon such a subject as this it is impossible to have too many books. We find ourselves confronted in China and Japan with a mode of life and habits of thought separated from our own by a gulf which it is hardly possible for Europeans to measure, and almost desperate to attempt to bridge. Two civilizations have been growing up for a thousand years or more side by side, agitated by internal revolutions, moulded by external circumstances, advancing, halting, advancing again, and never, for any appreciable length of time or to any perceptible extent, interfering with each other's progress. A sudden change takes place, and the two are thrown together. No contrast that history presents is similar. Spain and Mexico found

something in common, and at the cost of much suffering were still able to form some kind of amalgam of civilization between them. But towards a hostile Daimio of Japan how are Englishmen to behave? He ignores the brotherhood of mankind; he deprecates the necessity of enlarged intercourse; he considers truth and falsehood as differing only in form; he is reluctant to improve his mind; he wishes all commercial treaties at the bottom of the sea. What is to be done with the Daimio of the fixed principles? Unfortunately it is necessary to act somehow, for the obvious resource of leaving him alone is one which it is out of our power to adopt. English traders will trade, whether the Union-jack floats over them or not; and between the alternative of leaving them to do as they please, and regulating their actions by law, it is impossible to hesitate. What, then, is to be done with the Daimio? The first thing of all is to try to understand him. Whatever helps Western nations to do this is so much gain. Every book must be read by somebody, and those who assist their countrymen to acquire a few trustworthy facts about those distant countries contribute something towards the settlement of the distressing conflicts which must be ever arising between the course which the interests of commerce seem to require, and that which the claims of weakness and the dictates of generosity with equal plausibility ordain.

It is to be feared, indeed, that most of our countrymen are not in the habit of deriving their views, even of matters of fact, from the very best sources possible. It is true that there are as many good works—on Japan, for example—as can fairly be expected. Kœmpfer and Thunberg are both readable, and both, for the most part, veracious. In more modern times, Mr. Oliphant's book is certainly picturesque, and Sir Rutherford Alcock's is interesting and complete. There is something to be learnt, too, from the Bishop of Victoria, who, with a condescension creditable to his good sense, puts off the bishop for once, and puts on the intelligent traveller. But, if we are not mistaken, one grain of private and peculiar information weighs more in the politics of the breakfast-table than a ton of public records. There may be excellent diplomatists on the spot, and professional writers, and statistical returns in profusion; but let the lieutenant brother or the midshipman son have written home but a fragment of local news, and his words are truth for evermore. "The affair," writes some consul or admiral, "has at last been amicably settled." So the world may think; but let the cadet on his first voyage have but written to his sisters to say that he expects to have a brush before long, and not all the official reports in the world will persuade the family council to the contrary. The Sandwich Islanders, writes Mr. Manley Hopkins, are brave, docile, and intelligent. "A poor set of fellows, these islanders," writes Tom; and the subjects of Kamehameha are doomed without hope of mercy. It is perhaps for this reason that newspaper correspondents always seem to affect so easy and domestic a tone when the subjects of which they are writing happen to be particularly important. It is not so much that they are conscious of their inability to deal with the topic as it deserves, as that they feel it necessary, for the sake of their credit, to come nearer home to the reader. They persuade themselves that they will be looked upon as pedants, and as having some interest in concealing the truth, if they fail to describe in detail how they have slept, and what they have had to eat. Such a record of events, though in the best form which it can assume, is the book before us. It is what Tom may be supposed to write home to his friends about what he saw in China and Japan. It has the merit of being cleverly written, and the writer has had access to good sources of information, and has drawn upon them fully and skilfully. But in its lightness, its versatility, the charming ease with which it pronounces judgment upon any topic that may be uppermost, the facile handling with which it makes the most of what it knows, and the least of what it happens not to know, it is Tom's letter all over. Dr. Rennie has his own professional views, which we will not venture to impugn. He thinks that sunstroke is not caused by the sun, and that the cholera is not induced by the presence of animal and vegetable putrefaction. On these points, what he says is as interesting as it is remarkable. But he does not for a moment confine himself to these. He is an engineer when he comes to the attack on the Taku forts, an artilleryman when he speaks of the Armstrong gun, a rifleman when he mentions the Enfield, a diplomatist when he stays at Yokohama, an economist when he broaches the currency, an observer of human nature when he deals with competitive examination. We have nothing to complain of. On some of these questions he is no doubt right, and on some wrong; but it is better that he should write on them than not, and a well-educated and intelligent person has a right to form a judgment. The book makes no very high pretensions, and all to which it does pretend it very efficiently performs.

It is upon the later rather than upon the earlier chapters of Dr. Rennie's book that the public interest at the present time will chiefly fasten. The outlines of the history of our dealings with Japan are simple enough at all events. The commercial treaty was negotiated by Lord Elgin in the summer of 1858. In July, 1859, Sir Rutherford Alcock, the first English plenipotentiary, arrived at Yeddo, encountering all the delays and difficulties so happily detailed in his late work. The attempt to assassinate him was made in 1861, and he then withdrew to the neighbouring port of Yokohama. Colonel Neale succeeded him in May, 1862, as *chargé d'affaires* at Yeddo; and on the anniversary of the previous attempt a second attack was made on the Legation. Yeddo was now abandoned, and Colonel Neale in his turn retired to the port. The next event of importance was the murder of

\* *The British Arms in China and Japan.* By D. F. Rennie, M.D., Senior Medical Officer of the Force in the North of China, &c. Murray: 1864.



Mr. Richardson, which took place in September of the same year, and was perpetrated by the followers of the Prince of Satsuma, the most westerly province of Japan. Attacks were made about the same time, in one form or another, on the Russian and American Legations. In the middle of 1863 the Japanese Government paid their part of the indemnity for the outrage of the previous year; and at the same time, and almost on the same day, the Mikado, or spiritual Emperor of Japan, ordered the expulsion of foreigners from the country. It was understood almost universally that this was but a *brutum fulmen*, which the Government of the Tycoon was powerless to suppress, but indisposed to carry out. An exception, however, was found in the Daimio whose territory adjoined the eastern side of the important Straits of Simonosaki, the straits which separate the main island of Nippon from the western and smaller island of Kiusiu, or, as Dr. Rennie—we will hope by a printer's error—calls it, Kinsin. This prince began to fire upon all foreign vessels indiscriminately; he was brought to reason, however, by the French, who have since compelled him to open a new port in the neighbourhood of the Straits for foreign traffic. It remained to exact a penalty from the Prince of Satsuma; and it was when this was refused, in August of last year, that the batteries of Kagosima were attacked by Admiral Kuper, and the town partly consumed by fire. Since this time matters have remained in a somewhat unsatisfactory state, the Government of the Tycoon being apparently not unfriendly to foreign interests, but the population incensed on account of the drain of gold from the country, and the rise of the price of food. Dr. Rennie himself was able to see something of the disposition of the inhabitants, though he only remained a few weeks in the country, by his residence in the house of Colonel Neale; and he writes in a hopeful spirit, though allowance must, no doubt, be made in him for the spirit of rapid generalization, to use a mild phrase, at which we hinted above.

What, however, are we to think of the prospects of an intercourse of which the history can be thus epitomized? Undoubtedly a long chapter might be written on the progress of British trade, and a longer still on the prospective advantages destined to accrue to these lifeless civilizations from the contact with European knowledge and thought. But the uniform and invariable fatality by which the arts of war are destined to accompany those of peace in every country with which we have to deal is a circumstance which, it must be confessed, staggers our confidence in ourselves. Strong as we are, and many-sided as we are, we cannot yet see our way to establishing friendly relations with a people far weaker than ourselves, and to whom, according to every article of our political belief, our advent ought to be a benefit. We began with our eyes open, and with experience bought in India, in America, in New Zealand. We sent able negotiators, calm and temperate men, and spared no pains to make our intercourse successful. What is the result? Something we certainly have. We have men who know the language of these people; we understand their mode of trading, we have some idea of their general politics. But of their inner organization, their domestic relations, their private thoughts and feelings, we know nothing. It is as if the England of to-day had been placed side by side with the England of the feudal ages, and bidden to associate freely with its former self. As yet the task is simply too hard. No diplomacy can penetrate the mysteries of a system of government which is divided internally by contradictions to which we possess no key, and which in its dealings with ourselves is systematically and almost ostentatiously untruthful; nor can any policy guard against the rude collisions which must at times take place between natures, habits, ideas so hopelessly and fundamentally at variance. We can only wait, and take as occasion offers the most simple and straightforward course we can, and trust to time. If there is any virtue in honesty, if any profit in mutual traffic, Chinese and Japanese must learn it in the years to come. The less British arms have to do in teaching the lesson, the better for them and for us.

#### THE FARM HOMESTEADS OF ENGLAND.\*

THERE are few things more striking and suggestive in modern English life than the rise and spread of what it is the fashion to call "movements," and the species of machinery by which their influence is extended far and wide. Perhaps they may be regarded as the legitimate successors of the religious orders, the guilds, and the secret societies of the middle ages, adapted to modern wants, and taking their form from the habits of a free and energetic and a fashion-worshipping people. First, we had the Evangelical movement, then the Oxford Tract movement, the Church Building movement, the Educational movement, the Temperance movement, with a host of other minor movements, all more or less of a purely crotchety nature. One characteristic is common to them all. They are half benevolent or religious, and half fashionable or self-seeking. In their origin the work of disinterested zeal and enthusiasm, and winning their first converts through the attraction of professedly high motives, after a while they spread by a sort of contagion or infection, and few people who come within the reach of their promoters are able wholly to resist the current of their influence. In short, they become the fashion, the rage of the hour, the amusement of a generation which, after all, possesses a good deal of

honest sincerity along with the flux of cant and self-delusion which seems inevitably to accompany all well-doing upon a large scale.

And now there are not wanting signs that the scattered efforts for the renovation of the cottage and farm buildings of the whole country are beginning to assume the proportions of a movement. Certainly we must have advanced no small distance beyond the notions of our grandfathers if a book like this of Mr. Denton's can be made a paying speculation. It is a handsome folio, printed on excellent paper, with superabundant margin to its letter-press, while the lithographic plans and elevations are all that can be desired. The uninitiated will marvel that there can exist such a variety of methods for arranging cowsheds and pigsties, stables and granaries, and perhaps will conclude that there must be some mysterious connexion between the ever-rising price of beef and mutton and these elaborate contrivances for the fattening of bullocks and the coddling of calves. That they are singularly mistaken we need not say. Unless the care bestowed on such matters speedily becomes more general than it is as yet, not merely will beef and mutton become dearer and dearer, but farming will pay worse and worse as a matter of manufacture and trade. We can only trust that the reconstruction of farm homesteads will rapidly become the fashion all over England, and that, as the comfortable rector delights to show his re-built church, all in the most correct Gothic, to his admiring and envying brother clerics, so duke may infect duke and squire infect squire with a passion for drainage, and tanks, and covered yards, and comfortable farm-houses, till the whole land is covered with those buildings without which profitable English agriculture is tending to become an impossibility. To all readers practically interested in these matters Mr. Denton's volume may be recommended, as supplying a mass of information, well digested, and disfigured by none of those rhetorical exaggerations and unverified calculations which make the practical farmer more suspicious than ever of the newfangled notions of gentlefolks and professors. It contains the plans of four-and-twenty homesteads in different parts of England, with a concise account of the peculiarities of each of them, followed by general suggestions on cottage and farm-house buildings, with special reference to the present difficulties of the farming question, and full of good sense and detailed information. If we have any fault to find, it is with the author's tendency to fine writing in this latter portion of his work. Think of the following as an introduction to the consideration of the best position of a farmer's house:—

It is an axiom in geometry that the centre of any superficies is that point which is equally distant from its extremities. Applying this axiom to the present subject, it will be found that the mean distance, travelled backwards and forwards, from the fields of a farm to any point other than the centre, will be increased in proportion as that point is removed from the centre.

Mr. Denton's notion of a geometrical axiom is, to say the least, peculiar. This, however, is the only fault we have to find with his book.

It is the great aim of the designers of all modern farm buildings to accomplish three principal results—economy of labour, economy of manure, and warmth and ventilation for stock of every description. These, in fact, are the specially pressing necessities of farming, as a means of making money, in the present condition of English society, and English commerce and manufactures. While the modern facilities of national intercommunication and the triumph of free-trade principles have united to increase the importation of foreign corn and foreign meat, the price of home labour and of artificial manure is steadily rising. At the same time, the incessant competition among wealthy men in the purchase of land is yearly raising its marketable value, and is consequently forcing upwards the farmer's rental in nearly the same proportion. The practical agriculturist has therefore but one resource left—namely, economy in the use of the first necessities of agricultural existence. The plans here given—which are all executed, and have been designed by various architects—universally recognise the vast importance of economy in labour, a matter on which the agricultural mind is sufficiently open to reason. If there is any new notion which the genuine bucolic understanding is prone to embrace with ardour, it is the idea of getting a little more work out of a labourer without any extra pay. On the equally important question of the economy of manure, the plans here given are generally satisfactory; the one principal device appearing to be the covering of the yards for the protection of the trampled litter from the rain. The arrangements for drainage seem to be also satisfactory, so far as they are particularly specified. At the same time, on the value and application of the drainage in its liquid form, Mr. Denton confesses that farmers are still grievously in the dark or grievously impenetrable:—

Great disappointment [he says] has been experienced by farmers generally in the want of profit resulting from the distribution of liquid manure; experience and careful calculation having proved, that where it necessitates the several operations of raising, carting, and spreading, the benefit does not equal the cost of application.

Undoubtedly and unfortunately this is still the case; but equally undoubtedly the disappointment has arisen from miscalculations and from a misapplication of the simplest resources. The peculiar value of the liquid form as compared with the solid is evident from the fact that it can be applied to grass land again and again throughout the spring and summer, when the spreading of the solid substance would simply destroy the grass, both as hay and as green food for cattle. No farmer, even the most obtuse in brain and most prejudiced in feeling, would question this statement for

\* *The Farm Homesteads of England.* Edited by J. Bailey Denton. Chapman and Hall.

a moment. Nor, if closely cross-examined, would he deny the very great cost of that solid substance to which he devotes his exclusive care. Considering that it is impossible to buy a cart-load of the best stable manure for less than four or five shillings, and that the expense of filling, carting, and spreading the same throughout a farm of average extent cannot be less than two shillings, it is obvious that if the agriculturist can make use of the black, odoriferous, and precious fluid that now runs to waste by hundreds of thousands of hogsheads all over England, he will be ensuring the fertility of many acres which he now leaves but half nourished. The failures which Mr. Denton admits occur in nineteen cases out of twenty because a few simple conditions are not observed. In the first place, the liquid must not be largely diluted by the rains; not because the diluted substance would be injurious to the land, for in some cases the additional water would be beneficial, but in order to save the extra cost of its application to the soil. It will never pay, as a rule, to irrigate grass with mere water by any means except the ordinary floodings of water meadows. There may be exceptions, but they are rare. No rainfall, therefore, should run into the manure tanks except that which passes through the heaps of stable-litter. In the next place, every possible variety of fluid or semi-fluid manurial matter should be conducted into the tanks, so as to insure the presence of all the necessary elements of vegetable growth. Hence the importance of the house-sewage, the addition of which will provide an ample dilution for all practical purposes. In the third place, all the expensive apparatus of watering-carts must be avoided. An old oil-cask, holding about one hundred gallons, which costs only a few shillings, and will last many years, can be hoisted into one of the ordinary light carts of the farm, and, with the addition of a simple wooden trough with holes, which the village carpenter will make for a trifle, answers every purpose. Of course a pump will be necessary, but the annual outlay on repairs need not average more than a pound or thirty shillings per annum for the manuring of twenty or thirty acres. Further, the land to be watered must lie all around, or close at hand to the homestead. Liquid manure often fails because it is carried, whether by cart or pipes, to a distant spot on the farm, and so the cost of labour runs away with all the profit. Again, the soil must be of such a nature as to retain the liquid, either mechanically, as in the stiff lands, or chemically, as in the chalky soils. In sandy soils the liquid, as a rule, is utterly thrown away. Lastly—and this we take to be of the utmost importance, although strangely it seems to be overlooked by writers on the subject—from time to time those substances must be put into the tanks which are of eminent value to grass land, and especially to that which is pastured by cows. One of these is soot. The sweepings of every chimney in the house should go from time to time to the tanks, with the addition of every bushel that can be bought from the neighbouring cottages. Soot, at sixpence per bushel—which is the usual price—when not adulterated by the siftings of the ash-heap, is one of the very cheapest of manures. But still more necessary is the free addition of bones, to supply the phosphates which cows carry away from the soil and never return to it. Bones, as sold by the common collectors in all country towns, cost from four to five shillings the hundredweight; and still less if bought of the travelling collectors who buy them as cooks' perquisites at private houses, to sell again to the collectors. If two or three hundredweight are thrown into each tank, say every half-year, their steady decomposition completes the elements of a perfect grass manure, which can thus be applied in such a state of solution as to be immediately taken up by the growing grasses throughout the spring and summer. The effects of liquid of the composition thus ensured are most surprising. It is not merely that fair crops are produced, which within reasonable limits can be largely increased by increased waterings, but that the quality of the grass is of the highest possible kind. It is an ascertained fact, that on chalky soils, where the grass, as ordinarily treated, will never fatten bullocks, land which has only been laid down to pasture for three or four years will fatten them, if regularly manured with the bone-enriched liquid, even though constantly fed upon by cows. In fact, there is no question but that in the case of farms such as Mr. Denton describes, from twenty or thirty acres of pasture can be kept in ample fertility, provided the conditions we have specified be observed.

We will only add a few figures on the question of the excessive dilution of the precious substance, with reference to the schemes now broached for the benefit of the London tax-payers. Speculators talk of flooding the fields with liquid by thousands of tons per acre, without a thought of what this monstrous deluge really means. We need not trouble the reader with any details of addition, multiplication, and division. It will be enough to remind him that by the Act of George IV. an imperial (water) gallon weighs 10 lbs., and contains (omitting the fraction) 277 cubic inches; and that the statute acre contains 4,840 square yards. A few minutes' calculation on these data will show that the proposed application of 5,000 tons of fluid to the acre is equivalent to a rainfall of about 50 inches. Now, considering that the annual rainfall in London and the Eastern counties is not more than 24 inches, we may well feel astonished when it is proposed to treble the natural quantity of water on the land. What sort of grass will be thus produced on the light soils that it is intended to fertilize, any practical farmer can foretell. The crops may be very heavy, but in quality they will be similar to those which are produced on all largely irrigated land—namely, of extremely little

value as food for cattle. To the eye and the hand hay made from such grass may appear all that is desirable, and its fragrance may be delightful; but it will be as impossible to fatten a bullock, or to keep a working horse up to the mark, on such succulent food, as to train a pugilist upon boiled veal and bread pudding. And the same of root-crops grown under the same watery conditions. Let the judicious alderman be wise in time. Does he really enjoy strawberries that are two inches in diameter, or melons as big as a man's head? Such will be the quality of the aqueous produce of which these seducing pictures are eagerly laid before him.

#### GÜNTHER'S INDIAN REPTILES.\*

THE class of Reptiles is a group of animals very little appreciated by the general public, and, although possessing many attractions for the scientific student, it has been hitherto much neglected even by working naturalists, whose chief delight it is to penetrate into the inmost *arcana nature*. Although many special works on the mammals, birds, and fishes of various parts of the world have been published from time to time, we are hardly acquainted with any separate treatise upon the reptiles of a given country. In England, it is true, we have Bell's *British Reptiles*, forming a part of Mr. Van Voorst's standard series of works upon the Natural History of the British Islands. But the number of reptiles in these cold northern climes—happily enough, some of our readers will say—is so small that the task of describing them is not very arduous. The fact is that the life of these cold-blooded animals is entirely different from that of the more highly organized birds and mammals. Reptiles, from the very nature of their internal organization as well as that of their external covering, are exposed to the slightest modifications of temperature, while the fur and feathers of the warm-blooded vertebrates enable them to endure such changes with comparative indifference. It thus happens that reptiles are most abundant under the sun of the tropics, and grow gradually less in numbers as we recede into temperate regions, so that at the northern extremity of the British islands we have nearly reached the extreme limits of their geographical distribution. On the other hand, in Africa, in South America, and in India, which Dr. Günther has selected as the subject of the present work, reptiles of almost all kinds are very abundant, and at least twenty species occur where but one is found at the fiftieth degree of north latitude.

Besides the novelty and the extent of his subject, which we have thus endeavoured to explain, Dr. Günther has had other great difficulties to contend with in preparing his present work. In the first place, several naturalists, who have occupied themselves from time to time with the herpetology of India, and have published accounts of supposed new species of Indian reptiles in various journals and periodicals, have performed their duties so imperfectly as to render it impossible for subsequent workers to understand their descriptions. It has thus happened that many Indian reptiles have been entirely omitted in general works on herpetology, or have been included amongst the synonyms of other species, and Dr. Günther has had to perform the laborious task of re-discovering these forgotten species and re-describing them in a proper way. It is only by the advantages he has enjoyed from his position in our great national establishment in Bloomsbury, and by the co-operation of the officers of other public institutions, whereby access to the original specimens has been obtained, that our author has been enabled to succeed in accomplishing this task. Even now a considerable residuum of ill-described species has been left on hand, which all Dr. Günther's acumen has not succeeded in making anything of. Another difficulty has been, that a great portion of the Indian peninsula and the adjoining countries is still unexplored as regards its reptiles. The area over which Dr. Günther extends his researches is so large, and the fauna of its different regions is so diversified owing to the variations of physical peculiarities, that it must still take many years, and exhaust the energies of numerous active inquirers, before we attain a complete knowledge of its natural productions. Dr. Günther, therefore, has suffered not only from the shortcomings of former workers in the same field, but also from actual want of sufficient materials, and he commences his preface by confessing the incompleteness of his labours, although he thinks that his work will "form a basis for the labours of future times." There can be no doubt that his very modest expectations under this head will be amply fulfilled. There is a considerable number of our fellow-countrymen residing in India, engaged in various employments, civil and military, whose tastes incline them to the pursuit of natural history, and who have abundance of leisure for the purpose. An ample field lies before them, and they would fain follow the example which Hodgson, Elliot, Hamilton, and other well-known names in Indian natural history have set before them. But they are deterred by the want of works to guide them in making acquaintance with the objects which come daily under their notice, and to show them how new facts can be gathered. To such persons works like the present volume of Dr. Günther's upon the Reptiles, and the lately published history of the Birds of India by Dr. Jerdon, will be

\* *The Reptiles of British India*. By Albert C. L. G. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., F.Z.S., &c. London: Published for the Ray Society by Robert Hardwicke. 86s.



invaluable, and there can be little doubt that these, and similar publications which we hear of in progress, will give a great impulse to the study of natural history in our Indian dominions. Having said thus much upon its general merits, we must now endeavour to give our readers some account of the special subject of Dr. Günther's work.

The class of vertebrated animals called reptiles, as treated of by Dr. Günther in this volume, may be divided into two very distinct sections, which many—we believe we might say most—of our leading naturalists are accustomed to consider as two distinct classes of the animal kingdom. The first of these, or Reptilia proper, which in their mode of development agree very closely with the birds, and have been playfully called "birds covered with scales instead of feathers," consists of the orders of tortoises, lizards, and snakes. The second section, or Batrachia, which are more nearly allied to the fishes, embraces the orders of frogs, salamanders, and cecilians.

The tortoises of India are numerous, both in species and individuals. While in Europe only three species of the terrestrial families of this order are met with, Dr. Günther includes no less than forty-three species in his list. But then, as we ought already to have informed our readers, Dr. Günther has not quite confined himself to the political limits of British India. Considering that it would have been "very unphilosophical to exclude species which, however near to British territories, have not been obtained within its political boundaries," he has embraced in his work the "fauna of Burmah, Siam, Cochinchina, and Southern China, forming, as it does, a natural unity with that of India proper." In all these countries fresh-water tortoises, or "terrapins," as the Americans call them, are abundant—some of the species being thoroughly aquatic in their habits, others more or less land-loving, but generally met with in the vicinity of pools and rivers. The true land-tortoises (*Testudo* of the Romans, as of modern naturalists) are much less numerous in species. In the whole of this vast region Dr. Günther can only find precise indications of three well-distinguished species, and but one of these occurs in the Indian peninsula. The marine tortoises, or turtles, are likewise few in species on these coasts, as elsewhere in the world, although often extraordinarily numerous as individuals. The Indian turtle, which represents the West Indian species so well known to aldermen, is found on all the coasts, and "equals the Atlantic turtle in size," while it "rivals it in flavour." The famous tortoise-shell of commerce is chiefly the product of another species of this group, which is still plentiful on certain parts of the coasts of Ceylon, and in the islands of the Bay of Bengal, although the great demand for its shell has caused its extirpation in more accessible localities.

Of the second order of reptiles—the saurians or lizards, known to us in England only by the presence of three or four diminutive species—the Indian fauna furnishes nearly 150 species of very various forms and structures. The family of crocodiles, which, according to Dr. Günther's views, belongs to this group, has five representatives in these regions, one of which is the well-known gaviol of the Ganges. These ferocious animals attain, as is well known, a very large size, one species occasionally reaching to thirty feet in length, and specimens of from fifteen to twenty feet in dimensions being "by no means rare." The remaining saurians are generally of much inferior size, although the large ocellated water-lizard—the flesh of which is much prized by the lower castes of Hindoos—sometimes attains a length of nearly seven feet.

Out of some 240 snakes met with in the Indian region, it will rejoice intending tea-planters and coffee-growers to be informed that but thirty are venomous. The greater number of this generally much-detested order of reptiles are, indeed, not only innocuous and ornamental, but in some cases even useful animals. The rat-snake, and others of its congeners, destroy great quantities of rats and mice, and not unfrequently enter the dwellings of man in search of their food. Many of the harmless tree-snakes of India present, when closely examined, beautiful varieties of metallic colouring, and are perhaps some of the most highly ornamented objects in nature. We must also not forget to notice the two Indian rock-snakes or pythons—commonly, but incorrectly, called boas—which are the giants of their tribe, and amongst the largest of living reptiles. "Their dimensions," however, as Dr. Günther informs us, "as well as their strength, have been much exaggerated." Specimens of twenty feet in length are very rare, although isolated statements of the occurrence of individuals thirty feet in length are on record, and worthy of credit.

Frogs, tree-frogs, and toads, which constitute the first order of the second division of Indian Reptilia, are likewise very plentiful in India and the neighbouring countries. Dr. Günther's list contains forty-seven species, and the impetus given to scientific inquiry by the publication of his work will doubtless produce numerous further discoveries in this little-known group. The tailed Batrachians, or salamanders and newts, which form the second order of this division, have a very peculiar geographical distribution, being nearly confined to the northern temperate parts of the two hemispheres. It thus happens that in Europe we can boast of a better supply of animals of this class than India can show, only one isolated species of the group being known in south-eastern Asia. The third order of Batrachians, with which Dr. Günther concludes his work, is one of the most singular and least-known

types of the vertebrate series. The cecilians, as they are called, are cylindrical worm-like animals, possessing a smooth viscid skin, which is covered with rudimentary scales, and they live, like earth-worms, entirely underground. They were placed by the older zoologists along with the snakes, and there remained until the illustrious anatomist, Müller of Berlin, demonstrated their Batrachian affinities. Dr. Günther records the existence of three of these peculiar animals within the area to which he extends his investigations.

In concluding our notice of Dr. Günther's volume, we must congratulate the Ray Society upon their publication of this most valuable contribution to the literature of science. The *Reptiles of British India* is, no doubt, one of the most important works on natural history of the present day, and will long be recognised as such, not only from its great intrinsic merit, but also from the results that it will surely produce in inciting future investigation. Its gifted author, who in the course of a few years has become one of the best-known of the present generation of European naturalists, will, we trust, have no reason to regret that he has forsaken his native country for one in which free scope has been given him to employ his talents and industry in the pursuit of science, and where ample means are at hand to make the results of his investigations known to the world.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE numerous admirers of M. de Tocqueville will no doubt hear with pleasure that a new and handsome edition of his works is now in course of publication. The first three volumes, including *La Démocratie en Amérique*\*, have just been issued, with a general preface from the pen of M. Gustave de Beaumont, who, as everybody knows, was M. de Tocqueville's most intimate friend, and had been associated with him in the preparation and composition of his work on the United States. He remarks that, in the case of an author like De Tocqueville, there must always be a strong desire on the part of serious readers to be thoroughly acquainted with every feature of his character. Very few men of letters gain by being seen *en déshabillé*, but M. de Tocqueville is one of these few, and with respect to him the feeling both of curiosity and of sympathy is further enhanced by the fact that he combined the life of a statesman with the calm meditations of a thinker, and that he was called to apply practically the theories which he expounded in his works. M. Gustave de Beaumont has consequently been induced to arrange for publication a considerable number of essays, notices, and other documents selected from M. de Tocqueville's papers, which, although having necessarily the character of *disjecta membra*, are yet sufficiently complete to prove highly interesting. These extracts, together with a series of letters and a collection of political and academic discourses, will form three volumes. M. de Beaumont speaks, with a feeling of natural pride, of the success obtained by his friend's works both in France and abroad. This is a fact which the champions of Bonapartism cannot deny, although they endeavour to explain it away with their accustomed ingenuity; and we must confess that, when we find a generation of men taking as their political text-book a work like *La Démocratie en Amérique*, we cannot think that the cause of true liberty is yet to be despaired of.

The subject considered by M. Martha in his new work† is one of great interest, even if, as the author remarks, we set aside all points of a strictly dogmatic character. In order to illustrate fully the doctrines of Stoicism, we must, it will be admitted, show what features it had in common with Christianity; but it is by no means necessary that we should, like some critics, argue from the supposition that Christianity was only the last and most perfect manifestation of Hellenic wisdom. In the same way, it would be equally absurd, and equally in opposition with historic truth, to ascribe to an occult and esoteric preaching of the Gospel the elevated ideas of Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Dion Chrysostom. At the time of the diffusion of Christianity throughout the Roman Empire, two distinct currents of ideas were permeating society, and, as is always the case in great moral revolutions, the transformation of the world by the Church was prepared by influences coming from without. If it were necessary to prove this position, we might, with M. Martha, refer our readers to the testimony of the early Fathers, but it will be sufficient for us to assert here that the glorification of religious faith does not require us to detract aught from the merits of heathen moralists. M. Martha's volume consists of seven essays, discussing respectively the writings and influence of Seneca, Persius, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Dion Chrysostom, Juvenal, and Lucian. In this gallery of portraits we can study the lights and shades of the heathen world. We see the philosopher denouncing the vices by which he is surrounded; the popular moralist travelling about like a kind of missionary, for the purpose of preaching temperance and self-sacrifice; the Emperor on his throne declaiming against the very system to which he owes his power; the satirist aiming the shafts of ridicule indiscriminately at the denizens of the Capitol and the inhabitants of Olympus. These various sketches, mixed with references to Christian divines,

\* *Œuvres complètes de Alexis de Tocqueville. De la Démocratie en Amérique.* Paris: Lévy.

† *Les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain. Philosophes et Poètes.* Par G. Martha. Paris and London: Hachette.

to Labruyère and to other modern philosophers, are extremely suggestive.

After an interval of ten years, M. Charles Nisard publishes a second edition of his *Histoire des Livres populaires*.\* The first, printed in the most sumptuous style, had already become exceedingly scarce, and was to be found only treasured up amongst book rarities in a few select libraries. M. Nisard has extended his researches, has added much new matter to the curious details previously brought together, and has made here and there a few necessary excisions; and the result is a couple of handsome duodecimos, elegantly printed, beautifully illustrated, and accessible by their price to the majority of readers. The first and second chapters treat of almanacks; and we have, next, a terrible and most mysterious essay on the literature of the occult sciences, together with recipes to conjure up spirits of every description. Facetiae, biography, religion, poetry, novels, and tales, come successively under notice, and afford to M. Nisard the opportunity of relating many valuable facts connected with the rise and progress of popular books and book-hawking. A copious index is appended to the second volume.

Botany is the subject of M. Figuier's *tableau de la nature* for the new year†, and perhaps on no branch of natural history was the publication of a popular work more imperatively called for. Our author has not forgotten that he writes for the young, and that his great object is not so much to deal with technicalities as to give his readers a taste for science. He aims at explaining general principles, and illustrating the leading facts in vegetable anatomy and physiology; for details of a more recondite nature, the pupils are referred to special treatises and to the lectures given by the professors of the *Jardin des Plantes*. The book before us is divided into four parts. 1. Under the title *Organographie et Physiologie*, M. Figuier describes the essential organs which go towards the structure of plants, and explains the various functions performed through the medium of these organs. 2. We have, next, a statement of the laws on which the classification of the vegetable kingdom is established, and an estimate of the systems proposed by Linneus, Jussieu, Tournefort, and others. 3. Out of the most important natural families, M. Figuier selects forty-five; he carefully describes one plant taken as the type of each, goes through the best-known species, and takes the opportunity of bringing before his readers the plants which claim attention either from their useful or their dangerous qualities. 4. Botanical geography is the last topic introduced, and it is so dealt with that the student, after perusing it, can easily assign to each plant, each flower, each tree, its climate and latitude. Two peculiarities distinguish M. Figuier's volume from other works of the same kind. All the illustrative woodcuts (415 in number) are taken either from nature or from the original memoirs published in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*. Secondly, the chapter relating to cryptogamic plants is treated with special accuracy and fulness.

Two editions of Madame Roland's memoirs‡ were, as our readers may perhaps remember, almost simultaneously published a few months ago. It was scarcely possible that such an instance of competition should pass by without some heart-burning on one side or on the other, and M. Dauban, it appears, found fault with M. Faugère for what he considered a flagrant case of literary poaching. The particulars of this editorial fracas will be found duly reported in M. Faugère's able and temperate pamphlet, *La Vérité vraie sur la Publication des Mémoires de Madame Roland*.

If any reproach can be addressed to M. Duruy, the present Minister of Public Instruction in France, it is certainly not that of timidity. Under a régime which is not precisely that of freedom, he has boldly introduced the most liberal measures. Moral philosophy now forms, as it did in days of yore, part of the course of instruction given to the pupils of the *lycées*. Lectures similar to those delivered on this side of the Channel are not only authorized, but encouraged. A chair of Political Economy has just been founded in Paris, and reforms of a still more important character are said to be contemplated. And yet much remains to be done. Primary education scarcely exists. Whilst millions upon millions are spent to embellish Paris, to maintain gigantic armies, and to support the splendour of the Imperial Court, only a scanty pittance is granted to schoolmasters and school-mistresses. It is clearly here that changes are most loudly called for, and the design of M. Jules Simon's remarkable book, *L'École*, is to point out their urgent necessity.§ He begins with a short sketch of the legislative enactments applied to primary instruction by the various Governments which have ruled over France. The power of a nation, he says, must be measured, not so much by the number of its soldiers or the extent of its territory as by its intellectual strength. What is it that constitutes a man if it is not education? A country where the culture of the mind is carefully attended to will, as a matter of necessity, be also a country where all other useful and productive pursuits are thoroughly developed. If instruction has always been justly deemed indispensable, it is

especially so in our time, for reasons which he proceeds to set forth. In the first place, social equality is now an acknowledged political axiom in France; but without instruction how can a citizen obtain, in this respect at least, the full enjoyment of his rights? Again, the progress of industry tends more and more to introduce everywhere machinery as a material force, and to employ men exclusively as directing agents; but this necessitates a certain amount of education. Further, the principle of universal suffrage is also a conclusive reason for the general diffusion of education. If the people are invested with the rights of sovereignty, they ought to be able to inquire into the facts or theories submitted to their vote. And finally, recent commercial changes furnish an argument in favour of popular instruction. Now that protective laws no longer defend national manufactures against foreign competition, the prosperity of any given country depends exclusively upon the capacity, and consequently upon the degree of instruction, of the people. M. Jules Simon is perfectly impartial in his estimate of the *ancien régime*. He gives a description of it which would almost reconcile us to it were it not for the final clause—the one referring to the state of popular education. It is true that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries intellectual cultivation in France was in some respects higher than it is now. The present generation would find it difficult to match either Montesquieu or the Benedictines, and our Parisiennes do not read Saint Augustine as Madame de Sévigné used to do. But, at the same time, nothing was then done for the working classes; the few philanthropists who, like Vauban and Fénelon, felt anxious for the happiness of their poorer brethren, were considered dangerous utopians; and, in short, under the régime of privilege, all those who did not come within its influence remained neglected and unnoticed. M. Jules Simon minutely describes the history of educational legislation in France; his statements are corroborated by statistical documents which it is impossible to question, and he brings us down to the present day, when, in spite of some progress, the budget of primary instruction is still very far below what it ought to be. The second part of the volume treats of girls' schools. Here, creation, rather than amelioration, is required; and the necessity of providing immediately for this deficiency is enforced by a vigorous sketch of the position and influence assigned to woman in modern society. M. Jules Simon devotes the third section of his work to prove that primary instruction ought to be made compulsory, and he concludes with an exposition of the beneficial results which would follow from a more thorough diffusion of sound knowledge amongst the people.

M. Milsand has recast and improved a couple of articles published by him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; he has added to them a philosophical introduction, and they now appear in M. Baillière's collection under the title *L'Esthétique Anglaise*.\* Mr. Ruskin is the hero of the brochure, being regarded by M. Milsand as the most conspicuous representative of æsthetic science in England. The subject is particularly interesting to Frenchmen because it takes them into a region with which their own national character prevents them from being familiar. M. Milsand entertains very melancholy views about the ultimate destinies of art. He regrets that art should be amenable to the jurisdiction of critics who are not artists themselves, and he thinks that the period of its decay began at the time when painters, sculptors, and architects could no longer shut themselves up in their sanctuary and cry *procul esto* to the multitude outside.

Formerly a professor of philosophy in Paris, now occupying the same position at the University of Naples, M. Véra is a determined Hegelian. According to him, Hegel alone, in modern times, has attained metaphysical truth, whilst on many points he has surpassed even Plato and Aristotle. The three essays contained in the volume just published by M. Véra† are therefore inspired by German thoughts, though they are limited within a range of ideas beyond which Schopenhauer and his adherents have far advanced. Respecting capital punishment M. Véra entertains very strong anti-abolitionist views. Leaving absolutely out of the question the practical aspect of the controversy, he defends capital punishment on the ground that, if it did not exist, history would not be what it is, and that a nation which abdicates the right of putting persons to death, either by the medium of the public executioner or otherwise, is an effete and exhausted community, incapable of devotedness and heroism. The second essay, on the connexion between love and philosophy, is chiefly remarkable from a singular critique of Shakspeare's *Hamlet*. In the third we have an introduction to the philosophy of history, containing a few apposite observations on Vico.

The *Conférences du Quai Malaquais*‡ may be regarded as the first attempt made to acclimatize in Paris the popular lectures with which we have so long been familiar on this side of the Channel. In establishing them, M. Félix Hémet was thinking more particularly of the governesses and teachers of girls' schools, to whom the instruction given at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France is scarcely accessible. During the first session, he undertook the sole management of the *Conférences*, and limited himself to popular illustrations of the principal physical phenomena which

\* *Histoire des Livres populaires, ou de la Littérature du Colportage*. Par Ch. Nisard. 2nd edition. Paris: Dentu.

† *Histoire des Plantes*. Par Louis Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *La Vérité vraie sur la Publication des Mémoires de Madame Roland*. Par M. Faugère. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *L'École*. Par Jules Simon. Paris: Librairie Internationale.

\* *L'Esthétique Anglaise, étude sur M. John Ruskin*. Par J. Milsand. Paris: Baillière.

† *Essais de philosophie Hegélienne*. Par A. Véra. Paris: Baillière.

‡ *Les Conférences du Quai Malaquais*. 1re année. Paris: Baillière.



nature presents to our view. Gradually the number of his hearers increased; they no longer belonged exclusively to one class of society, and it became necessary to vary the programme by inviting the help of a few distinguished coadjutors. Such is the origin of the present volume, containing the lectures delivered during the last winter term, in which history, literature, and natural philosophy are happily blended together.

Literary and scientific societies have so multiplied lately that a guide to their history, their objects, and their laws has become indispensable. This guide Count Achmet d'Héricourt supplies us with, in two handsome octavo volumes\*, embracing the centres of intellectual association established, not only in France, but throughout the whole world. The first part of the work contains France, Belgium, and Great Britain; the second includes all the rest. In each case, the date of foundation and the purposes of the society are stated, and a list of the members of the council or committee is added, as also the terms of admission, &c. The whole is preceded by a short sketch of the rise and progress of literary societies from the earliest times, and followed by an excellent alphabetical index.

M. Mario Proth's collection of *feuilletons*† would have been all the better stripped of the very ambitious preface with which the author has thought fit to introduce it. The first *vagabond* he brings before us is none other than Ahasuerus, the wandering Jew. Poets, novel-writers, critics, in fact the whole tribe of literary characters, constitute, according to him, the *beau idéal* of vagrancy; and whilst passing them in review M. Proth has generally a few sensible remarks to offer on their works. Under the title "le vagabond de la science" he gives us a biography of Alexander von Humboldt.

Amongst the brilliant representatives of French literature during the present century, M. Méry is entitled to a conspicuous place. Imagination, taste, and purity of style are qualities which he possesses in a very high degree; and the only drawback we can mention is that wonderful facility which makes him an admirable *improvisatore*, rather than a poet of genius. The *Poésies Intimes*‡, of which we have now a second edition, may be taken as a perfect illustration of his peculiar style. The subjects are of the lightest description possible, and therefore scarcely admit of any of those passages which impress themselves permanently on the memory; but the delicacy with which they are treated is charming, and it would be difficult to find in another volume of equal size all the resources of French poetry turned to better account. *Trufalgar*§ is a semi-historical tale founded, it seems, upon certain incidents supplied to M. Méry by his friend, M. Donnadim, to whom the book is inscribed.

M. Alphonse Royer has for some years employed himself in translating into French the masterpieces of Spanish dramatic literature. To his versions of Cervantes and of Tirso de Molina we must now add a volume containing four complete plays of Alarcon||, and an analysis, together with illustrative extracts, of the remaining sixteen. The preface contains a biography of the poet, and a careful summary of his literary merits.

*Pompeii et les Pompeiens*, published in M. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*, is one of the most compact, and at the same time most complete, books we have read on the subject.¶ All the necessary details are given which can enable a person who has never travelled in Italy to understand thoroughly both the nature of the discoveries made at Pompeii, and the private life of the inhabitants of that city. M. Marc Monnier has successfully solved the problem of writing a book which should be learned without being heavy, amusing and yet not fantastic, concise but the reverse of dry.

The *Hôtel des Haricots*\*\* has been included amongst the historical buildings doomed to destruction by M. Haussmann. Let us thank the ingenious artist who preserves, for the benefit of posterity, the reminiscences of a prison where unpatriotic National Guardsmen used to pay the penalty of evading a distasteful duty.

\* *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France et de l'Etranger*. Par Le Comte Achmet d'Héricourt. Paris: Durand.

† *Les Vagabonds*. Par Mario Proth. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Poésies Intimes*. Par M. Méry. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Trufalgar*. Par M. Méry. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Alarcon. Théâtre traduit pour la première fois*. Par Alphonse Royer. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Pompeii et les Pompeiens*. Par Marc Monnier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

\*\* *Hôtel des Haricots*. Par Albert de Lasalle. Paris: Dentu.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.**—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of CABINET PICTURES by Living British Artists is NOW OPEN, from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

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The Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER proposes to give a Special Course of LECTURES on the MONARCHY of ISRAEL and JUDAH, at Three p.m. on the following days—January 12 and 19, and February 2 and 9.  
Fee for the Course, Ten Shillings; Single Lectures, Five Shillings.  
Gentlemen are only admissible if introduced by one of the Lady Visitors of the College, or by a Member of the Council or Committee.

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The SENIOR TERM, January 28.

Prospectuses, containing Terms and Names of Professors, may be had on application.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.**—The Head-Master, T. HEWITT KEY, M.A., F.R.S., has made Arrangements for taking a few RESIDENT PUPILS at his House, 21 Westbourne Square.—The School Reopens Tuesday, January 17.

**KILBURN COLLEGE, Mortimer Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.** *Principal.*—Mr. GEORGE OGG, University of London, formerly Instructor of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In this Establishment PUPILS receive a first-class Education—Classical, Mathematical, and General; and are prepared for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Public Schools. Every attention is paid to health and comfort. The situation is elevated; the School-rooms, Dining-room, Lavatory, and Dormitories lofty and spacious. The Easter Term commences January 18.—Prospectus on application to the Principal.

**KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington Square, W.**  
*Head Master.*—FREDERIC NASH, Esq., late Principal of the Kensington High School; assisted by E. V. WILLIAMS, Esq., B.A. Oxon.; W. HUGHES, Esq., F.R.G.S.; King's College, London; Mons. E. SÉPOLIN, M.A. Paris; and others.  
Tuition Fees—in the Classical Division, 12 guineas per annum; in the English Division (French included), 9 guineas; in the Preparatory, 6 guineas.  
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**CLARENDON HOUSE COLLEGIATE and COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, Kennington Road, S.**—The FIRST TERM of the Current Year will commence Monday, January 16.—A Prospectus forwarded upon application.

**TAUNTON COLLEGE SCHOOL.**—*Head-Master, Rev. W. TUCKWELL, M.A.*, late Fellow of New College, and Head-Master of New College School, Oxford, has vacancies for BOARDERS in the School House. The School will Reopen on January 27.—Address, the Head-Master.

**ASPLEY SCHOOL, Beds, conducted by Dr. LOVELL.**—PUPILS are prepared for the Public Schools, the Army and Navy Examinations, the Military Brevet, and the Universities. French and German are taught by Resident Masters. The Premises, built specially for the School, are very extensive and commodious, and the Village is remarkable for salubrity of Climate; it lies about a mile from Woburn Sands Station.—All further particulars can be had from the Principal, Dr. Lovell, at the Rectory, Aspley School, Beds.—The Term begins on January 25.

**FRANCE.—ST. GERMAIN-en-LAYE SCHOOL.**—*Patron, Lord BROUGHAM.*—This School is carrying out on a limited scale the system of International Education expounded in the Report addressed to the Secretary of the European Association for Promoting the Study of Modern Languages, by the Head-Master, Professor BEAUVIN, and published in the Constitutional of August 13, 1864. The object in view is twofold. First—to afford the means of acquiring a complete practical knowledge of Living Languages. Second—to combine the study of them with sound Classical Studies and with special preparation for the Examinations which in the four principal Countries of Europe give admission to the different Professions. The School receives but Thirty Resident Pupils, boys under fourteen years in the first, pupils above that age in the second division.—For Prospectus apply, by letter, pre-paid, to the Head-Master, 80 Rue de Poissy, St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris; or in London, at Mr. Maurice's Office, 11 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

**SUTTON VALENCE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near Staplehurst, Kent.**—*Head Master, Rev. J. D. KINGDON, M.A.*, of Trinity College, Cambridge. This School has been rebuilt, largely extended, and further endowed with Exhibitions to the Universities and Scholarships by the Governors. The Course of Education is such as will prepare Boys for the Universities, Professions, Civil Service, and other Civil Pursuits.—For particulars, apply to the Head-Master, at the School. The next Term will commence on January 21, 1865.

**ALDENHAM SCHOOL, near Watford, Herts.**—The new Buildings will be ready after the Christmas Holidays. There are Eight Exhibitions and Sixty Foundation Scholarships.—Address, Rev. A. LLEWELLYN, M.A., Head-Master.

**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION** of Candidates will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in June 1865. The Competition will be open to all Natural-born Subjects of Her Majesty who, on the 1st of May next, shall be over seventeen and under Twenty-Two Years of Age, and of good Health and Character.

**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—EXAMINATION of JUNE 1865.**—Copies of the Regulations (which differ in important respects from those issued in previous years) may be had on application to "The Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W."

**MILITARY and CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.—A MILITARY ENGINEER**, of great Experience in the Scientific Branch of the War Department, also an Author, and an M.A.T.C.D., PREPARES for all the above, and, with especial success, for the Indian Civil Service, the Staff, Woolwich and Sandhurst.—C.E., 6 St. Peter's Terrace, Baywater, W.

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